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Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1904.

MINIATURES
FOR
ALL
(See Page 6).

One Halfpenny.

YENTAI—ONE OF THE GREATEST BATTLES IN HISTORY.

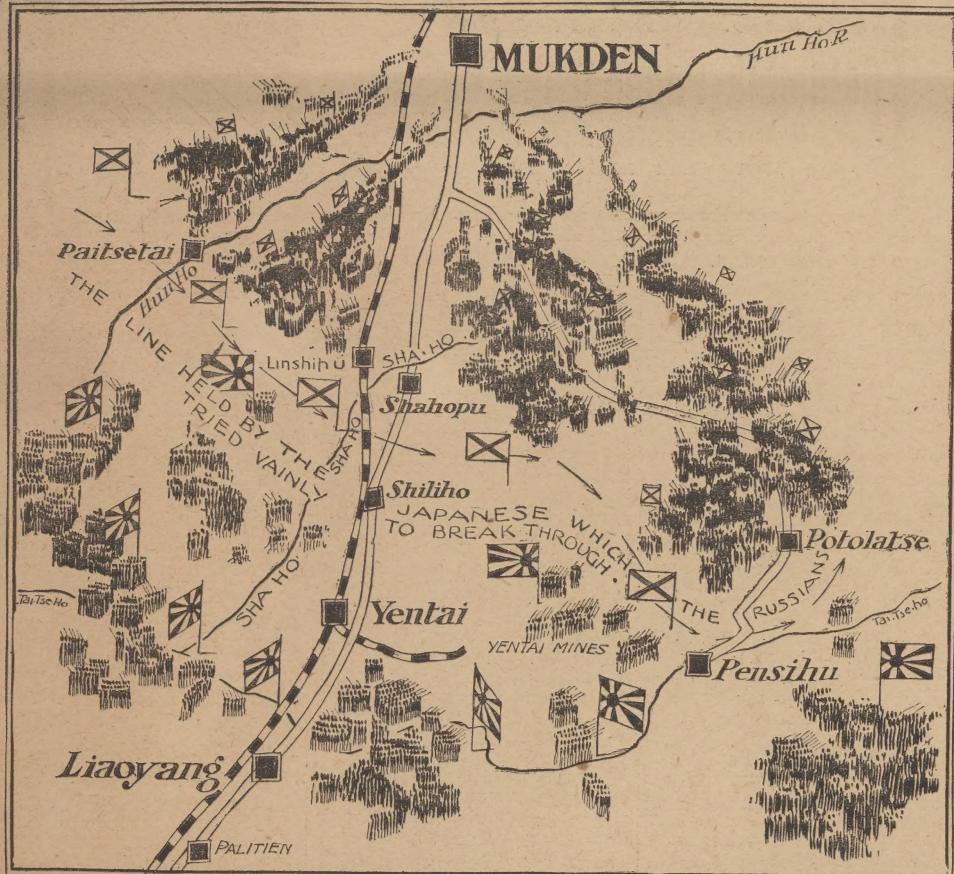


Marshal Oyama, leader of the Japanese troops in the great battle of Yentai.



This unique photograph of a Russian camp was taken on the morning that General Kuropatkin began his great retreat north after being driven back from Liao-yang. In the background are seen innumerable wagons packed with baggage ready for a hasty retreat.

THE SCENE OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF YENTAI.



The above map shows the ground on which the great battle has been fought. The opposing forces, with their respective flags, seen in this map will afford a graphic idea of the position of the retreating Russians and the Japanese soldiers, who are in hot pursuit.



General Kuropatkin, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces in Manchuria.

RUSSIAN GENERALS KILLED AND WOUNDED.



Major-General Zaschioff, who was killed in the great battle of Yentai.



Major-General N. K. Von Rennenkampf, Commander of the Trans-Baikal Cossacks, and—



—General Baron F. E. Meyendorff, both of whom were among the wounded.

RUSSIANS AT BAY.

Such W. and S.W. winds; cloudy, un-settled and mild; rain at times.) **TO-DAY'S WEATHER** (Lighting-up time: 6.0 p.m. Sea passages will all be rough.

Determined Stand on the Banks of the Sha-ho.

APPALING CARNAGE.

60,000 Russians Killed and Wounded.

MUKDEN MENACED.

Attempt To Cut Off Russian Retreat.

The latest news from Mukden makes it certain that the great battle was still in progress yesterday.

The Russians have made a determined stand on the north bank of the River Sha-ho, about twenty miles south of Mukden.

The fiercest of the fighting has raged around Lone Tree Hill, south of the Sha-ho, and about three miles east of the railway from Mukden to Liao-yang.

This position had been captured by the Japanese on Thursday, but on the following day the Russians, strongly reinforced, made a determined attempt to recapture it.

There was a furious fight at close quarters, the bayonet being freely employed, and finally the Japanese were driven off the hill.

As a result of this success, General Sakharoff claims that eleven guns and one quick-firing gun were captured by the Russians.

In the centre and on the right, however, the Russians have been driven north of the river Sha-ho, where they are now making their last desperate stand.

To the maintenance of this position it is probable that General Kuroptkin is employing the whole of his reserves. If so, he is throwing the last stake in the desperate game he has been forced to play since he assumed the offensive.

This position the Russians must maintain to cover the retreat of their shattered forces upon Mukden. Should they be driven from it the disaster that has befallen them will be greatly magnified.

THE COST IN BLOOD.

The detailed accounts of the fighting confirm the early reports of almost unprecedented losses. Both sides have suffered severely, but the Russian mortality has been appalling.

Mukden has been converted into one vast hospital, where accommodation is vainly sought for 23,000 wounded and dying soldiers. This, however, is not the full tale of the injured, for another route is being employed for their direct transport to Tieling.

Of the dead left upon the field the victors have counted more than 10,000. One correspondent relates how whole regiments were annihilated before his eyes.

One Russian officer came back from the firing line with a group of twelve or fifteen wounded men. The General saw him and shouted: "How dare you leave your regiment? Get back at once! Where is your regiment?" "Here, your Excellency," replied the wounded officer.

And the fighting still goes on!

SHA-HO BATTLE.

Marshal Oyama's Official Name for the Great Fight.

TOKIO, Sunday.—A telegram from Headquarters in Manchuria reports fighting has ceased on front of right and centre armies, but continues before left army.

Marshal Oyama officially designates the whole engagement since 10th inst., hitherto unnamed, the battle of the Sha-ho.

Monday.—It is reported that Major Takashima's battalion captured fourteen guns yesterday.

This makes a total of thirty-four guns taken by the centre army since Thursday.—Reuter.

BATTLE RENEWED.

Critical Position of the Russian Right.

MUKDEN, Monday.—The battle was renewed yesterday and continued throughout the night. It was especially heavy at midnight.

The Russians retain their position along the Sha-ho.

They have made frequent attacks, and are reported to have captured six Japanese guns.

The Eastern Army is helping the Western forces. There has been very heavy artillery firing this morning.

Fighting is now centred on the plain.—Reuter.

BUTCHERY BY BAYONET.

Survivors of a Hail of Bullets Face Cold Steel.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The Mukden correspondent of the "Birzhevya Vedomost," in a telegram of to-day's date, says:—

"There passed through Mukden to-day a General of Division, wounded in one foot, whose troops were part of the force told off to attack the range of rocky heights in the east front of the battle. He says:—

"The attack was of an unheard-of character, and the losses were terrible, the troops having to climb almost vertical slopes, in the face of a hail of bullets. Of six comrades I lost five."

"The 6th Company of the 23rd Siberian Regiment reached the summit, and rushed on the Japanese defences. They were, however, received with fixed bayonets, the captain being lifted into the air by several Japanese on the points of their weapons. The rest of the company all perished before the companies following them could get up.

"This is the tenth day such butchery has been going on. The Turkish war was a joke compared with this war."—Reuter.

STUBBORN STAND.

Russians Successfully Dispute the Crossing of the Sha-ho.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—A telegram from Mukden, published in the "Rus," says heavy fighting was resumed yesterday on the Russian right, and the Russians fell back further north.

Several telegrams have been received briefly describing the fighting on the Sha-ho of the 10th inst. It appears from these that the Russians abandoned Shih-shan Station on that day, but that the Japanese were unable to take it owing to the concentrated fire of the Russian artillerists.

The Japanese cannonaded the bridge over the Sha-ho and heroically advanced to cross the river, but they were moved down and compelled to abandon their design. The roar of the guns could plainly heard at Mukden.

The hope is expressed at the General Staff that the Japanese advance has been stopped at the Sha-ho, as the positions on the north of that river have now been held by the Russians for three days.

It is stated that the latest official dispatches contain no indication that the Japanese have made any further progress in this direction.—Reuter.

PEACE PROSPECTS.

Viscount Hayashi Says the War Must Go On.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, was yesterday interviewed as to the possibility of an early termination of the war.

His Excellency said:—

The loss of life is appalling, and is felt deeply by all of us. But what help is there? All who knew the existing conditions must have recognised what a determined war this would be.

"But there is nothing for it but to go on. It is not for Japan to judge if the time has come to talk about peace. This rests with the Government of the Tsar.

"The only thing that must not be forgotten is that we never sought to bring about the war."

A Reuter message from Washington reports that it is felt by the American Administration that the time is approaching when it would be in order for the great neutral Powers to move towards the restoration of peace.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER AND THE TSAR.

Go to St. Petersburg to Complain of Her Son Being Flogged to Death.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The Russian Tommy Atkins, usually ignored by the public, is to-day so much of a hero that the newspapers are carrying out courageous propaganda in favour of the abolition of flogging both in the army and navy.

The Tsar has appointed three officers of his military household to conduct an inquiry into the subject for his private information.

It appears that a soldier named Khotiafian died from the after-effects of a flogging he received at Mukden, and his aged mother tramped all the way to St. Petersburg to complain to the Tsar.

MOTOR AND TRAP COLLIDE.

A horse and trap and a motor-car were being driven in opposite directions in the Croydon Road, Beckenham, last night, when the animal took fright and they collided.

The occupant of the trap was thrown out and taken to the Beckenham Cottage Hospital in an unconscious condition.—Central News.

MISSIONARIES MASSACRED.

Cannibal Islanders Wipe Out an Entire Station.

It now appears that the massacre of the Roman Catholic missionaries on an island of the New Britain group was intended to originate a general uprising of the natives against the white population.

At the mission station the entire staff was wiped out, the victims including Father Matthew Rancher, the Rev. B. Bley, Lay Brother Schellens, Brother Rutter, and Sisters Anna, Sophia, Agnes, and Angela.

All were either shot or cut down by hatchets, and although the natives, who are cannibals, refrained from devouring their victims, the bodies were shockingly maltreated.

The attack of the natives on the station of the New Guinea Company was successfully repelled, and the Europeans on the island were thus enabled to successfully institute punitive measures.

As a result thirty-six natives were captured, and effective reprisals made against the mountain natives who had joined in the massacre.

SEA GIVES UP SPOILS.

Century-old Anchor Recovered from Trieste Harbour.

An immense anchor, of very old-fashioned design, has just been found in Trieste Harbour.

In the year 1792 the French frigate Danae was blown up in the harbour, and her anchor was never recovered.

The recent find, which is thickly covered with seaweed, is, therefore, assumed on the best of grounds to be a relic of this long-forgotten vessel.

Negotiations have already been commenced for the purchase of the anchor on behalf of the French Marine Museum, and a bargain will probably be struck.

VEGETARIAN EPICURES.

Abstainer from Meat Who Employs Four Expert Cooks.

"The diet of some vegetarians is most elaborate," said Mr. Allen, the gentleman who recently walked from Land's End to John o' Groats, and addressed the meeting of the Vegetarian Society at Manchester.

"I know," he added, "a vegetarian who keeps a staff of four qualified cooks to minister to his needs, and when I reproved him for it he was offended."

Other papers bore out this novel view of vegetarians as epicures. One spoke of a vegetarian's five meals a day, with cakes and sweets after supper.

The virtues of the society's biscuit were cautiously referred to at the meeting. Its main feature was the almost impossibility of masticating it, in attempting which, the secretary said, many people have broken their teeth.

WEDDING PARTY MISHAP.

Bride and Bridegroom Thrown Into a Trench of Muddy Water.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—A newly-married couple and their friends had an exciting experience in the Boulevard Beaumarchais yesterday.

They were driving to the wedding breakfast in a tilted cart, when suddenly the horses swerved and fell into a wide and deep trench which had been dug in the side of the boulevard.

The two horses were killed on the spot and the wedding party thrown, a struggling mass, into several feet of dirty water. Slowly they emerged, soaked from head to foot with brown mud.

The bride's dress was turned a rich chocolate colour, and it was only with some trouble that she shook herself free from the clammy folds of her veil, and crawled, with the help of friends, out of the hole.

The bedraggled wedding procession received with resignation the good-humoured laughter of the large crowd which had gathered.

JOHN BULL TO THE RESCUE.

During a westerly gale in the Channel yesterday the four-masted French barque was driven ashore off Dungeness.

She was got off at high tide by the tug John Bull.

The cross-Channel steamers, Pas de Cal and Princess Josephine, made very bad passages owing to the heaviness of the sea.

GERMAN "M.P.'S" SUICIDE.

BERLIN, Monday.—Herr Albert Schmidt, a Social Democratic member of the Reichstag, committed suicide to-day by throwing himself in front of an express train.—Central News.

DEFIED A NATION.

Dead Princess's Romantic Love Story.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—From Madrid comes the sad news of the death of the young Princess of the Asturias, sister of the King of Spain.

The Princess gave birth to a daughter yesterday, and the first intimation of her grave condition had been afforded by her brother, the young King of Spain, postponing her departure from Madrid to the manoeuvres. Her strength failed rapidly, and she died within twenty-four hours.

The Princess Maria de Las Mercedes was born in 1880, and for six short months was Queen of Spain. But the birth of a posthumous son deprived her of the rule.

She married in March, 1901, her distant cousin, his Royal Highness Prince Carlos of Bourbon. This match was the result of a love affair which had existed for years between the young people in total opposition to the views of nearly everyone in Spain.

IN SPITE OF OPPOSITION.

The antipathy to Prince Carlos was not unnatural, for he belonged to the family which had opposed the supremacy of the present Spanish dynasty. His father had not only fought for Don Carlos, but had been his Chief of Staff in the war which ended in 1876.

The Princess was at that time heiress to the throne, and her marriage seemed to bring it a stage closer to the grasp of the Carlist party.

But the little Princess, a pretty, blue-eyed maid, had determined to marry the man she loved or to remain unmarried. At last the grudging consent of the people was won, and a perfect romance had its fitting ending.

The Princess leaves a little son, who is at present heir to the throne of Spain. Her loss is especially felt by the young King of Spain, for the brother and sister were affectionately attached to each other, and on one occasion she nursed him with so much devotion that she suffered a severe illness.

Hardly in a less degree her loss is felt by her mother, ex-Queen Regent Christina.

COMING ROYAL GUESTS.

The King Visits Windsor to Personally Superintend Arrangements.

The King arrived in London from Sandringham yesterday evening, and is expected to visit Windsor to-day to superintend the arrangements being made for the reception of the King and Queen of Portugal.

The programme of the royal visit will include a state banquet in St. George's Hall, a theatrical performance in the Waterloo Chamber, and at least three days' shooting in Windsor Park, which is swarming with game this season.

During the day His Majesty will inspect the alterations at the Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, which has been granted for life to Sir Arthur Ellis. Considerable alterations and improvements have been carried out at this ancient residence, which was at one time occupied as a summer retreat by King George IV.

His Majesty will also probably drive to Frogmore, to inspect the extensive alterations being made there.

SPARKHILL POLICE SCANDAL.

Mr. R. H. Amphlett, K.C., and Mr. J. S. Pritchett, barrister, two of the committee appointed to inquire into the Sparkhill police scandal, have issued their report.

They consider Superintendent Pitt and other police officials improperly used the birch on lads to compel a statement. The severity of the punishment was exaggerated by the lads, but minimised by the superintendent by saying the lads were birched with their clothes on.

Mr. Lane, the other member of the committee, dissents from the findings of his colleagues.

CITY SYMPATHY FOR INJURED DUKE.

At a special meeting of the Court of Common Council yesterday, a resolution expressing sincere wishes for the speedy recovery of the Duke of Connaught was passed.

Mr. A. C. Morton said he hoped that the result of the accident would be to put a stop to reckless driving on the part of motorists.

LADY CURZON PROGRESSING.

The following bulletin was issued at Walmers last night:

Lady Curzon has passed a quiet day, and continues to make progress, but she is necessarily very weak.

SOCIETY IN THE DESERT AIR.

Fashionable London Ladies to Rest Under Pyramids.

LIVING LIKE ARABS.

Nice and Biarritz may soon be as obsolete as Bath for the fashionable invalid.

The desert is the latest competitor for the favour of the wealthy lady who wants a "cure" for those nervous ailments which are the penalty of modern life.

Miss Nina Sheppard, a London nerve specialist of some note, is starting a health camp in the Egyptian desert, under the shadow of the great pyramids of Ghizeh.

There, in the rainless air of the Libyan wilds, and beneath the unwinking stare of the Sphinx, the tired and nerve-worn women of English society will live in tents, inhale the dry desert atmosphere, and will, in fact, become real Bedouins, minus the Bedouin's rather primitive notions of cleanliness.

Civilisation and Savagery.

There is no fear of these twentieth century tent-dwellers being uncomfortable in the desert. The camp will be in a strange mixture of civilisation and savagery. All round is the old-world scene of barren desolation, through which caravans wander just as they did in the time of Moses; but a tramway conveys you conveniently from Cairo, and if you scorn the simplicity of the health camp you find close to the Pyramids a hotel where you can dine as luxuriously and expensively as on the boulevards.

If you are a true health-seeker, however, you must not take advantage of the liberal table d'hôte. Your regulation diet is plentiful, but simple in the extreme, chiefly consisting of fruit and cereals.

It is also an essential part of the cure that you pass the night in the tent, like an ordinary Arab.

For Ladies Only.

The pioneer party to this strange colony starts shortly, and the camp will be set up next month. It will continue full swing till February, when the desert begins to be rather too warm for the average European.

Thus, during the months when London is a horror of fog and snow, the lucky invalids will be revelling in a sunlight purer and more vivid than in any other part of the world, and filling their grateful lungs with the purest atmosphere that this globe affords.

"The party will be very select," a representative was informed, "and the expenses will be high. But the benefits to be obtained from a sojourn in the desert are well worth any outlay."

The colony will be for ladies only. The servants will be Egyptian women, and no male will be allowed in the camp.

YOUTH OF MANY TALENTS.

Boy Writes Poems and Stories, and Fills a Gallery with Pictures.

Another youthful prodigy has arisen in the sphere of art.

To-morrow a lad of sixteen is holding an exhibition of his pictures at the Doré Gallery, and boldly challenges the criticism of his artistic elders.

The youthful artist is Pierre, the eldest son of the Count de Soissons, and he is a most modest and unassuming boy.

He has already painted nearly 100 pictures, several of which have been hung in the principal salons of Paris and Vienna. He has also contributed many fascinating stories to the English magazines, and completed an "epic poem in prose intermingled with blank verse, entitled, 'The Saga of Hjalmar of the Thunder-schall,'" a story of the times of the Vikings.

Little Pierre, who has fair hair and large eyes of brilliant brown, is almost entirely self-taught. He lives in Kensington with his father, whose pen is well known to the readers of our leading magazines.

Pierre is passionately fond of travel, and already he has visited Canada, the United States, Germany, France, and Austria.

TENDER-HEARTED THIEF.

A woman of fifty-eight years of age named Ann Amelia Hill, who, by forgery and theft, defrauded Smith's Patents, Limited, by whom she was employed as a clerk, was sentenced by the Old Bailey Recorder yesterday to six months' imprisonment in the second division.

It was stated that the woman had used the money to set up an ambulance and to support an organisation for kindness to dumb animals.

Miss Ada Reeve commenced her provincial tour of "Winnie Brooke, Widow," last night to an appreciative audience at Kennington Theatre.

"DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND."

Clergyman Denounces Gossip at Afternoon Tea.

"The trouble has been chiefly brought about by gossip and afternoon teas."

Thus said the Rev. H. de Treveley, in his farewell address to his parishioners when explaining his resignation of his curacy at Holy Trinity, Clacton, Essex.

He had described the parish as "a dangerous place for clergymen," and he proceeded to a startling denunciation of gossip, which he said was a "spiritual and moral disease. An infectious disease, which was spread at that pernicious institution, the afternoon tea."

"That institution," he added, "might be described as the devil's playground. There scandal is nourished, characters taken away, and children initiated into the joys of gossip—the joys of 'moral murder.'"

He said the chief offenders were women, although men gossiped in the trains on their way to business, and wound up by solemnly warning Claygate against the evils of gossip.

HAMPERED BY RED TAPE.

G.P.O. Prevents the Development of Wireless Telegraphy.

"The future of wireless telegraphy lies in its usefulness to shipping, and as an auxiliary to the cable. In England, owing to the attitude of the Post Office, there is practically no future for it for land work."

Mr. Lee De Forest, the rival of Marconi, made this declaration at the Hotel Cecil yesterday. Mr. De Forest has just arrived in England, and gave many interesting particulars of the progress of wireless communication and the success which his system has achieved.

It was the De Forest system which enabled the "Times" correspondent for a time to evade the very strict censorship of the Japanese outside Port Arthur.

Interesting particulars were given by Mr. De Forest of the success of the wireless station at the St. Louis Exhibition, the first used for overland work.

During the Exhibition this station was used by St. Louis newspapers, and 3,000 to 5,000 words a day were dispatched to the various offices from the Exposition grounds, a distance of five miles. At the same time the long-distance station forwarded messages 300 miles to Chicago and 250 miles to Kansas City.

Mr. De Forest guarantees now to transmit continuous and perfect messages 1,000 miles over sea and at least 300 miles overland. But he says that enterprise in England is crippled by the Post Office.

TWO DAYS' WORK A WEEK.

Only Work for One in Twenty Starving Hackney Men.

Hackney poor are feeling the pinch of poverty keenly, despite the efforts of the borough council in providing work.

Out of about a thousand hungry applicants for employment as road-menders only fifty can be given two days' work a week at 5s. a day.

When they have finished these stand little chance of another turn for three weeks or a month.

Most of the men are employed at road-making, and though every registered man is anxious to take his turn, there are many altogether unfit for the hard work.

A door-to-door canvass in a portion of the De Beauvoir Town district a few days ago revealed the fact that in one-fifth houses no less than 33 per cent. of the heads of families, mainly skilled artisans, were out of work.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, landslides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

CHILD'S SECOND SIGHT.

Sees the Ghost of Missing Man at Window.

The extraordinary dream and vision of a child in Glasgow have added to the anxiety which is felt for a missing man.

Patrick Connelly, an Irishman lodging in Glasgow, left that city for Ireland over a month ago, and has not since been seen or heard of.

His luggage was sent after him by his brother, but it was returned to the sender, not having been claimed.

Some days ago Connelly's landlady was startled by her young son screaming in the night, explaining his fear by saying that he had seen two men putting Mr. Connelly head first into a tank.

The next evening the boy was sitting by the fireside when he screamed out again, and said he had seen the ghost of Mr. Connelly looking in at the window.

DOGS OF QUALITY.

King and Queen Compete in the Record Crystal Palace Show.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra are both sending dogs to compete at the great show which opens at the Crystal Palace to-day.

Never before have the Kennel Club had so many entries.

Over 3,000 dogs will compete, and almost every breed will be represented, from the gigantic Newfoundland to the smallest of "toys."

Competitors from the royal kennels will appear in the spaniel, Borzoi, and Samoyede classes.

It is expected that the two judge dogs brought home the other day by Captain Percy Scott in the Discovery will also be on exhibition.

The aggregate value of the prizes amounts to £6,800, the largest ever offered at a dog show.

MAN OF NERVE RESERVE.

Claims To Perform Cures Which Will Make Scientists Stare.

Hundreds of poor people afflicted with various kinds of diseases, are daily besieging the humble house of Peter Lambert, a Paisley working man.

He professes to be able to cure, without instruments or pain, paralysis, apoplexy, mental aberration, rheumatism, and nearly all the serious diseases to which human flesh is heir.

He refuses to say exactly how he does it, though he says that if he did the simplicity of his method would make scientists stare.

He first discovered his powers while abroad with the 91st Highlanders, in which regiment he was serving. He says he began by using hypnotism, and afterwards progressed beyond that to his present cures. Nerve-power, he says, is the secret of his success.

As the result of an offer by Mr. Lambert, a severe test case will be placed under him for treatment within the next few days. An independent medical practitioner will be in attendance while he is conducting his operations.

GIRLS' STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Story of Being Drugged and Robbed by a Stranger.

The experiences of two young women living in London, who assert that they were drugged and robbed by a Russian Pole named Harry Abrahams, form a remarkable story.

One of them, Hannah Isaacs, a Jewess, states that Abrahams introduced himself to her in the street by treading on her skirt and then apologising. Afterwards, she alleges, he took her into a public-house and gave her drink, which she noticed at the time had an unpleasant taste.

She subsequently lost her senses, and when she came to, found that Abrahams had disappeared and that her two rings were missing.

The other girl, Jessie Jackson, states that she had a similar experience, recovering consciousness to find her rings and money missing.

Abrahams was charged at Marylebone yesterday and remanded.

DO THAMES STEAMERS RACE?

A report was presented to the Thames Conservancy by the Lower River and General Purposes Committee, on the subject of the alleged racing between the excursion steamers Yarmouth Belle and Koh-i-Noor. They stated their opinion that legal proceedings should not be instituted.

The point was debated at yesterday's meeting of the Thames Conservancy, but ultimately it was decided not to proceed against the captains of the steamers.

The King's Remembrancer, Lord Dunboyne, has fixed Friday next, at three o'clock, in the Official Referee's Court at the Royal Courts of Justice, for certain ancient ceremonies performed by the City Solicitor and others on behalf of the Corporation.

MYTHS OF THE BIBLE.

Many Clergymen Support Dean of Westminster.

SALVATION ARMY VIEW.

The Dean of Westminster—Dr. Armitage Robinson—has caused quite a flutter by his statements on the subject of the literal acceptance of the stories of the Old Testament.

He declared that the whole conception of the inspiration of the Bible has been altered. The first chapter of Genesis no longer means that the world was made in six days.

The second chapter no longer means that God moulded clay into a human figure, or that he made Eve out of one of Adam's ribs. The story of Balaam's ass, too, must not be taken as a literal statement of historical fact.

Indications made yesterday by *Mirror* representatives revealed the fact that a great many highly-placed Church clergy agree with the Dean. "Never believe," said one fair Churchman, "was there more general belief in the divine origin of the Scriptures. But the mass of intelligent Christians now look on many Old Testament stories as forms of Oriental hyperbole to emphasise moral truths."

Nothing New in Dean's View.

Archdeacon Sinclair is quite in sympathy with the Dean of Westminster. He said yesterday:

"There is nothing new in the opinion that the early chapters of Genesis are allegorical. It was the view held by that great master of theology, St. Augustine of Hippo."

"If more attention had been paid to the teaching of the early fathers of the Church, especially the school of Alexandria, there would be less difficulty in understanding the revelations of God in the present day."

"I have always insisted on St. Paul's account of the intention of Scripture in his epistle to Timothy. It was given 'for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness'—purposes all clearly moral and spiritual. It was never meant to convey scientific lessons as such."

"It is impossible to say where allegory ends or where statements intended to be historical begin."

Dr. Clifford is equally emphatic on the same side.

"The Dean of Westminster," he says, "spoke just as I should have spoken in a similar gathering."

"I counsel my Sunday-school teachers to convey an impression of the Bible that will stand against the arguments and attacks that will be made when the scholars enter into life."

Old School of Thought.

"When I was a youngster I was taught by the old school of thought. As a consequence, when I went to work at a factory I was taken to task by some very old questions as 'Who, then, was Cain's wife?'

"Thinking men nowadays is fettered by the old notion of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. We regard the Old Testament as the literature of a people."

The great Catholics would express no opinion. "It is not a matter for us to discuss," was the invariable answer to inquiries.

On the other hand, there is a vast body of opinion that still clings to the literal interpretation of the Scriptures.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe is not on the side of the Dean. "If this goes on," he said, alluding to the allegorical explaining away of miracles, "shall we have anything of the Bible left?"

General Booth is abroad, but an important officer of the Salvation Army, asked what the General's opinion might be, said: "I expect he would say many more wonderful things have been done than merely making one ass speak. He might perhaps say that even he, though no worker of miracles, has made hundreds of asses eloquent."

HOSTLY BAT AT DINNER.

Anti-Superstition Club Thrown Into a Panic by Mysterious Visitation.

Our Moscow correspondent says: — The "Natural Club" of Moscow, after an existence of thirteen years, has been dissolved under extraordinary circumstances. It was formed for the purpose of combating superstition, and consists of thirteen members.

The thirteenth annual dinner took place at the house of the president, M. Levitoff. During dinner, while M. Levitoff was making an eloquent speech denouncing superstition, the electric light suddenly failed and the room was plunged in darkness. Suddenly a whirling sound was heard, and the door of the sceptical company a luminous bird fluttered over the table and brushed against the president's face.

The materialistic diners, too terrified even to strike a match, rushed panic-stricken downstairs.

At last when a courageous servant, armed with a candle and a poker, entered the dining-room, he found a bat covered with luminous paws fluttering against the window. The intruder was removed, and the thirteen returned, only to find that the hired waiter had disappeared with all the silver on the table.

BECK INQUIRY BEGINS

First Sitting of the Commission To-day.

PUBLIC TO BE ADMITTED.

The Beck Inquiry, which was granted by the Home Office only after persistent agitation by the whole Press of the country, with the practically unanimous support of the public, holds its first sitting to-day.

The inquiry will be open to the public, but the accommodation is very limited.

The Committee appointed by the Home Secretary on September 8 consists of:—

The Right Hon. Sir Richard Henn Collins (Master of the Rolls) (chairman).

Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B.

Sir John Edge, K.C., Member of the Council of India, and late Chief Justice of the High Court of the North-West Provinces.

Of this Committee Mr. G. R. Sims, whose series of articles in the "Daily Mail" pointing out with force logic the terrible injustice of the Beck case was mainly responsible for its appointment, says:

"Inquiry Will Be Thorough."

"The composition of the Committee is a guarantee that the investigation will be a thorough one."

"The Master of the Rolls is one of the strongest Judges on the bench, a master of detail and equally able to take broad views. Sir Spencer Walpole and Sir John Edge both carry public confidence as men thoroughly suitable to sit on the Committee."

It is hoped that all the evidence will be taken this week. The Commission will sit each day at the Royal Commissions House, Old Palace-yard, Westminster. The Hon. Malcolm Macnaghten will act as secretary.

Outside the task of satisfying the public conscience by fixing the responsibility for the cruel injustice done to Mr. Adolf Beck the Committee of Inquiry has the greater and broader duty of setting the public mind at rest. The public must feel assured that as a result of a thorough non-departmental inquiry it will not be possible in future for an innocent man to receive the treatment meted out to Mr. Beck.

Incidentally the work of the Commission is expected to develop evidence which will bring the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal within the range of practical politics.

Investigation To Be Public.

Last night was issued for publication a correspondence which has passed between Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, solicitors to Mr. Adolf Beck, and the Home Office, and the Committee of Inquiry.

In reply to a letter from Messrs. Lewis and Lewis seeking to learn the scope of the Committee's investigations, a letter, dated September 19, 1904, was received from the office of the Under-Secretary of State to the effect that the Committee had authority to investigate all matters connected with the conviction of Mr. Beck which appeared to them to require investigation.

Messrs. Lewis and Lewis then wrote to the Hon. Malcolm Macnaghten, stating that at Mr. Beck's express desire they requested the inquiry might be held in public. A reply, under yesterday's date, was received stating that the public would be allowed.

It was added, however, that the Committee would be glad to receive any oral or written statement which Mr. Beck might wish to place before them, but they did not intend to hear counsel or solicitor, either on his behalf or on behalf of any other person.

Messrs. Lewis and Lewis replied yesterday evening that Mr. Beck had received the decision of the Committee with deep sorrow and much surprise. As a foreigner he was quite incapable himself of bringing before the Committee the points he thinks essential to go before them. Under the circumstances he did not feel justified in appearing before them.

The letter concluded with the expression of Mr. Beck's hope that the Committee would reconsider their decision and allow him to be represented by counsel.

All the points to be dealt with in the inquiry are to be found fully set forth by Mr. G. R. Sims in the "Martyrdom of Adolf Beck." The pamphlet is published at 3d., and can be obtained at all book-stalls and newsagents.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Having read the report of a police case, in which a man had defrauded people by advertising clothing for sale and decamping after receiving their remittances, George Wilkinson gave up the occupation of racing tipster and began the same thing.

He was sentenced at Hertford Quarter Sessions yesterday to twelve months' hard labour.

ONLY NAUGHTY ON THE STAGE.

A pretty child who said she took the part of a naughty boy, and who wanted a licence to act at a local theatre, the Brentford magistrate yesterday said: "I hope you will be a good little girl when off the stage."

"AVARICE AND FOLLY."

Recorder Justifies the Investigation of Mr. Hooley's Affairs.

Sir Forrest Fulton, the Recorder, raised many smiles at the Old Bailey yesterday by introducing a case to the Grand Jury, with traditional judicial ignorance, as one against "a man named Hooley and a man named Lawson."

When they came to these vast commercial conspiracies, he afterwards said, the institution of the grand jury was practically impossible.

The depositions in the case were to be found in a volume containing 136 foolscap pages of printed matter.

If the gentlemen of the grand jury, he went on, tried to disentangle the mysteries of the case, and come to a decision about the rights of it, their deliberations would still be going on in a month's time.

They must take a great deal for granted, and, by finding a true bill, leave the matter for a Judge and ordinary jury to try with the help of a coroner.

Points of the highest importance that charges against large commercial concerns should be closely scrutinised. A large number of people were ruined by their own avarice and folly, but still they must be protected against the devices of evily-disposed persons.

Should the grand jury return a true bill, an application will be made to have the trial put back to the November Sessions, in consequence of the hearing of the "Slater case."

LIVING WIFE'S FUNERAL CARD.

Odd Reason Given by a Bigamist for His Second Marriage.

After receiving a document purporting to be a certificate of his wife's death, together with a funeral card, Frank James Bill, an architect, married again.

He was arrested for, and found guilty of, bigamy, and was brought up at the Old Bailey yesterday for sentence.

A detective stated that the prisoner treated his first wife, who was a ward of Chancery, very badly. His "second wife" had been well treated.

Isabella Martell, who went through the bigamous marriage with the prisoner, said she made no inquiries as to his past life. "One does not usually ask a man if he has been married before," she remarked.

Bill said that he had been eighty-eight days in prison awaiting trial.

The Recorder, having regard to the time prisoner awaiting trial, gave him a nominal sentence, which brought immediate discharge.

DISCRETION AT FAULT.

Detectives' Waiting Policy Condemned by the Recorder.

City detectives saw two men attempt to pick five pockets the day before they were arrested.

At the Old Bailey yesterday, when the men were charged, the Recorder inquired why they were not arrested when first noticed doing wrong.

A detective stated that the prisoners got nothing, and the officers thought it would be more satisfactory to wait until they were seen to take something.

The Recorder: It is not a question of the officer considering it more satisfactory for himself. It would have been more satisfactory for the public to have arrested them at once.

One of the prisoners, Henry Wood, a grey-haired man, who has spent thirty years in penal servitude, was sentenced to twenty months' hard labour. Smal Factorovitch, his companion, a young Russian tailor, got twelve months.

RING FOR A KISS.

Strange Proposal Made to a Lady in a London Street.

Owing to the extraordinary nature of the evidence given against Benjamin Edwards, aged fifty-two, a painter, at Clerkenwell yesterday, the magistrate ordered that the state of his mind should be inquired into.

On Saturday afternoon a policeman saw Edwards accost several ladies in Camden-road, Islington. He put his arm round the waist of one lady and requested her to kiss him, adding that if she complied he would give her a ring.

When the officer ran up and arrested him Edwards was holding between his fingers a metal ring. He was under the influence of drink, became violent, and taking from his pocket a small loaf of bread, threw it at a window.

In connection with the death of Mr. William Henry Norton, of Beckenham, who was killed in a collision with a motor-car while cycling, the charge of manslaughter against Mr. F. W. Bailey, the motorist concerned, was dismissed at Bromley yesterday.

CHASE IN A NIGHTDRESS.

Lady Pursues a Burglar Down the Street.

A young lady, living at 84, Sandringham-road, Dalston, was warmly complimented by Mr. Fordham yesterday for her plucky behaviour when disturbed in bed early on Sunday by a burglar.

Thomas Campbell is alleged to have been the intruder, and he was committed for trial.

At five a.m. Miss Morley said she heard a rattling of the irons in the fender. Her sister said, "Who is it?" and a man's voice replied, "It is me."

Miss Morley then saw a man crawling on the floor. There was a glimmer of light, and she could distinguish the man's bootless feet. They both sprung out of bed, and the man dashed at the door. He ran down the stairs, and she followed. The hall door was wide open, and near the door was a strange pair of boots. She had screamed out to her brother that there were burglars in the house, and as the prisoner bolted through the front door she saw two other men waiting for him.

On seeing her (she was clad only in her nightdress) all three men ran as hard as they could in different directions. She pursued the prisoner for about seventy yards, but in Montague-road she lost sight of him. The other men went into Norfolk-road.

Some hours after she saw the prisoner at Hackney Police Station, and picked him out from a number of other men.

Mr. Fordham: You are a most plucky woman, Miss Morley. I hope you have not taken cold.

Miss Morley: I am afraid I have not.

Another plucky woman was complimented by Mr. Fordham.

Mrs. Beatrice Marshall saw two young men snatch a bag from a lady. She caught hold of one of the youths, and in spite of his violent struggles managed to detain him.

A "gentleman"—it could not have been a man, said Mr. Fordham—when appealed to by the lady for assistance, said he would go and look for a policeman.

The youths were sent for trial.

DISTURBED FARO PARTY.

Fifty Foreign Gamblers Caught in Two Night Clubs.

Over fifty foreigners passed through the dock at Marlborough-street yesterday as a result of police raids on two low-class gaming-houses, late on Saturday night.

A scene of wild disorder followed the raid on a gaming den in Orange-gardens, Manette-street, Soho.

Through a hole in the wall Inspector Mackey saw thirty-five men drinking spirits and playing cards, and when he knocked at the door the gamblers rushed madly about the house, some hiding in the cellar and others fleeing to the top rooms.

The principal offender, an Italian named Stratta, was remanded on bail in a sum of £50. Nineteen other foreigners were remanded on bail in the sum of £10 each. Several women who were drunk outside the premises were fined.

For allowing faro to be played in his restaurant (a low-class foreign place, according to the prosecution), in Tottenham-street, Tottenham Court-road, Marzal Kiernicke, a German, was remanded on bail.

Six waiters were dealt with in the same way, and twenty-eight other foreigners found on the premises at the time were bound over not to frequent such places in future.

MISTAKEN FOR HIS WIFE.

Young Lady Attacked While Returning from a Theatre.

Miss Nellie Danvers, a young lady living in Wandsworth Bridge-road, Fulham, has had a terrifying experience while returning from the theatre with two friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Pinnock.

As they were crossing Elbrook Common Miss Danvers was suddenly seized from behind by a stranger, who started up from a hiding place and flung the young lady so violently to the ground that her right arm was fractured.

Mr. Pinnock at once threw himself on the man and held him until the police arrived.

When charged with the assault the man, who gave his name as Charles Johnson, a labourer, said: "I am sorry I have made a mistake. I thought it was my wife." He was found to be under the influence of drink.

At West London Police Court yesterday Johnson was fined £20, with the alternative in default of two months' hard labour.

WHY LUNATICS ARE LEFT AT LARGE.

"I am afraid many insane persons are at large who ought to be under detention," remarked the Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday.

"Many of the cases of violence in the Calendar are very suggestive of insanity. Medical men, no doubt, are chary of running the risk of damages for certifying persons as insane."

SHOP'S DARK SECRET.

Probing the Mystery of Miss Farmer's Death.

OBSERVANT LAD'S STORY.

After pursuing with unremitting energy the very slender clues at their disposal, the East London police yesterday placed in the dock at the Thames Court two men, whom they alleged were concerned in the wilful murder of Emily Farmer at Stepney.

Last Wednesday morning Miss Farmer, an elderly woman, who lived alone at a small shop in Commercial-road, was found gagged and bound, and at the point of death. She breathed her last a few minutes later.

It was not till Sunday morning that the police found themselves in a position to take any active steps in the hope of elucidating the mystery of her fate. Soon after daybreak they arrested a sailor named Conrad Donovan in a house in Church-row, Limehouse. Within an hour, Charles Wade, a labourer, of Grosvenor-street, Stepney, was also in custody.

Suspicion had fallen on them through the statement of a youth, Robert Rae, a fish-curer, of Old Church-row, Stepney. He told his story unhesitatingly, and without any semblance of exaggeration, to Mr. Mead, the Thames magistrate, yesterday, when Donovan and Wade were placed in the dock.

Rae had known both the prisoners, he said, when they lived in Old Church-row. He had seen them a month ago, and then not again till last Wednesday morning—the day of Miss Farmer's murder.

Came Through the Half-open Door.

He had been in a coffee-shop just opposite Miss Farmer's, and about 6.30 a.m. was standing near her shop door. As he stood there he saw Wade and Donovan come out of her shop, the former walking first. He noticed that the door was only half open. There was no light inside, but at the time that did not strike him as remarkable.

Both men carried papers in their hands. He saw them stop in the middle of the road, and Wade pointed to the paper which he held. Then they walked across to Stepney Temple, where Wade made a gesture with his hands.

This gesture the witness illustrated to the magistrate, letting the paper of his hand fall sharply down towards the ground.

The magistrate asked what it meant, but Rae replied that he did not know. All he could see was that Wade did it to Donovan.

Afterwards the men went in the direction of Poplar, and he saw no more of them. Five minutes later, Wiggins, the boy who was in the habit of taking Miss Farmer's papers round to customers, arrived at the shop. After five minutes he saw Wiggins come out and take down the shutters.

Rae was very positive that no one went into the shop between the time the two men came out and the arrival of the boy.

He told a boy named Cordelar what he had seen, and then went home to bed, having, as he mentioned at the commencement of his evidence, been engaged on night work.

Rae added that he was interviewed by Detective-Inspector Divally on Friday, and on Sunday picked out Donovan and Wade from among fourteen other men at Arbour-square Police Station.

Donovan's One Question.

Wade put no questions to the witness, the magistrate intimating there would be an opportunity at the next hearing of the charge, but Donovan asked one. "Do you say you saw me come out of the shop at 6.30?" he said, and Rae replied, "Yes; you are the man."

Donovan is a typical example of the seafaring man to be met in every Limehouse street. He is sturdily built and passably good-looking, with fair hair and a drooping moustache. His age is thirty-four, while his companion in the dock, Wade, is twelve years his junior. The latter, like Donovan, had a blue and red scarf round his neck, but wore a dark overcoat, whereas the other was dressed in a serviceable reefer jacket.

Mr. Mead remanded the prisoners till this day week.

Keep the Blood Pure And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, TUBERCULOSIS, etc., you should test the value of

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Investigation into the accounts of the Cardiff Star Bowkett societies, of which David Shepherd was secretary, reveals a deficiency of £7,000.

Paddington Borough Council have petitioned the Local Government Board to limit the speed of motor-cars all over London to ten miles an hour.

Charles Edward Wood, the Shepherd's Bush private inquiry agent, who had been missing since Tuesday last, returned to his home late on Sunday night.

APATHETIC CREDITORS.

At the London Bankruptcy Court, yesterday, Mr. Grey, the Official Receiver, had a case before him in which neither debtor nor creditors attended. The whereabouts of the debtor, B. P. Brown, of 20, Park-mansions, Knightsbridge, were unknown, while no proofs had been put in against the estate.

LORD NELSON AT BURNHAM THORPE.

Lord Nelson and his son are staying at Burnham Thorpe Rectory, where their great ancestor was born, in order to visit the family graves and inspect the half-finished Nelson memorial.

Lord Nelson has promised to give a Prayer-book for the use of Burnham Thorpe Church.

FINE QUALITY PARSLEY.

Extra-fine quality parsley is on the market at present, much better than it usually is at this period of October.

Parsley was introduced from Sardinia in the reign of Elizabeth, and it is said that it was first employed for flavouring purposes in Good Queen Bess's kitchens at Whitehall.

GAMEKEEPER'S WORD.

Asked whether he had brought any corroborative evidence in a charge of poaching, a Silsden gamekeeper told the Skipton Bench he thought his word was good enough.

The magistrate, in dismissing the case, remarked that even the word of a gamekeeper required to be supported if it was flatly contradicted by the defendant.

TO BUY STATE SECRETS.

One interesting fact has already been brought home to the Committee of National Defence. It has found that its present means for ascertaining the war preparations of other powers are far behind the information obtained by foreign Governments with regard to our own.

It has been decided therefore to appeal to Parliament for a substantial increase in the secret service fund.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

On making his official visit to the Ware (Hertfordshire) Workhouse, a Local Government Board inspector reported that it was advisable that the posts of porter and assistant matron should be held by a married couple.

At the last meeting of the guardians a letter was read from the present porter and matron, stating that they were willing to oblige the Board, and would get married forthwith.

BOYS' PROPER BEDTIME.

"A boy of eleven should be in bed by eight o'clock at night" was the remark with which Mr. Fordham, at the North London Police Court, met an application for permission to appear at Dalston Theatre.

Asked to reconsider his decision to refuse the application, as it would be difficult to find a substitute, the magistrate said that was the affair of the management, and did not concern him.

1,500-GUINEA BANQUET.

Unanimously a special Court of Common Council decided that on the visit of the King of Portugal to England he should be asked to dine at the Guildhall and to accept an address of welcome in a gold casket.

Fifteen hundred guineas is to be spent on the banquet, which will be a memorable event in the City annals, as it is not every year that a reigning sovereign is entertained in the City.

SCAVENGERS' EXTRA WORK.

Trouble has broken out between the Westminster City Council and their scavengers.

In order to economise to the extent of £200 per week, some 150 of the scavengers have been dismissed, whilst each of the men retained has had to cleanse fifty yards extra of street daily.

Both the men dismissed and those retained are protesting against the action of the council, and the trouble, it is thought, may end in a general strike.

BADGES FOR NEWSBOYS.

If the proposals to be submitted to the London County Council to-day for the regulation of children street traders are passed, the flower-girl and the newsboy will soon disappear.

No children under eleven may offer only when licensed by the police and wearing a conspicuous badge on the left arm.

All employment is limited between certain specified hours, and no girl under sixteen is to carry on street trading unless accompanied by her parents or guardians.

The King has given his patronage to King's Lynn Musical Festival, to be held on December 7.

For shooting pheasants with catapults two men have been fined thirty shillings each at Andover.

Lady choristers in the church of Thorpe-Salvia, Notts, wear surplices and crimson tam-o'-shanters.

Prince Christian, who is at present at Berlin, will represent King Edward at the funeral of King George of Saxony, at Dresden.

Judges Kennedy, Bigham, and Walton will attend at the Central Criminal Court on Monday next to fix the dates for the monthly sessions at the Central Criminal Court for the ensuing year.

FIGHTING FLOODS BY TELEPHONES.

It is hoped that during the coming winter there will be no recurrence of any disastrous floods on the Thames.

An inspector and deputy-inspectors have been appointed to control the lock-keepers, who are for the most part connected with each other by telephone.

The rainfall at Oxford is watched, and any rise in the tributaries is immediately to be notified to the lock-keepers, so that weirs may be drawn to pass the surplus water down below Teddington.

In rainy weather the water level will everywhere be kept below head-water mark and every effort be kept to keep Father Thames within his summer boundaries.

IMPROVING THE MUSEUM.

London has many fine buildings which fail to secure public appreciation for the reason that they are shut in on two or more sides by other buildings.

This reproach is being removed from the British Museum by the demolition of the houses in Montague-place at the back, and plans are already prepared for an elevation there somewhat similar to the existing front.

For £200,000 the Government have also purchased from the Duke of Bedford the houses on either side of the Museum, and as the leases fall in these will be pulled down. When all the contemplated alterations are completed the Museum will stand surrounded by streets on all sides—one of the finest blocks of buildings in the world.

UNLUCKY JURYMAN.

In the City of London Court yesterday a jurymen asked to be excused from serving as he said he had served three days on a jury this year, and he had been summoned every year for the past five years. Furthermore, he had served on two coroners' juries lately.

Judge Rentoul, K.C., was afraid he could not excuse the jurymen as his court did not summon jurors more frequently than once in three years.

No doubt the courts overlapped, and men were summoned to two or three courts at short intervals, but that could not be helped. So the complaining juror had to serve.

WORKHOUSE STIGMA.

Mile End guardians are falling into line with the new spirit of humanitarianism now prevailing. Mr. Mardle has given notice that at the next meeting of the guardians he will move that in the registration of the births of children born in the institution under the control of the guardians the name of workhouse be omitted, and "No _____ Bancroft-road," substituted.

It has been found that knowledge of the fact that children are born in the workhouse often seriously handicaps them in their after life.

CHEAP RENT.

At the hearing of a rating appeal at Hertford, before Lord Salisbury and other magistrates, an auctioneer stated that Lea Park, the late Mr. Whittaker Wright's residence, although it cost over £200,000, was only valued by him at £500 rent and rated at this amount.

The opposing barrister forbore to cross-examine, but remarked to the witness: "How unfortunate I am not to have you on my side to-day."

WRIT ISSUED AGAINST OGENDS.

At last the writ has been issued in the test action which is to decide whether the sale of Ogden's cigarette business absolved the company from liability to pay the promised bonuses to retail tobacconists.

In the action it will be sought to prove that Ogdens, Limited, committed a breach of contract by selling their business to the Imperial Tobacco Company, and thus preventing the plaintiffs from continuing to be their customers.

SLUMP IN TIPS.

150,000 People Contribute Less Than £5 in a Week.

"Tipping, so far as the great middle class is concerned is doomed."

That is Mr. Lyons's opinion given yesterday to a *Mirror* representative in course of conversation about the first week's work of the Lyons's "Pop." in Piccadilly.

"In that week," continued Mr. Lyons, "close on 150,000 people have used the 'Pop,' which means that we have fed in the week a number equal to the population of Brighton and Hove put together."

"When I tell you that the whole of that enormous number of people have contributed only £5 between them in tips, you will realise that there is some justification for my ideas."

"Of course, there are people who will tip whatever you may do—people with money to throw about. They think that by tipping they will get better service. So they will in some places—not here."

"What the great middle-class public wants is obviously non-tipping restaurants. They have got one, and have shown their appreciation of it in a very practical manner."

"Here, in round numbers, are a few of the items of food consumed during the week:

165,000 lb. of turbot.

6,000 steaks.

30 tons of potatoes.

80,000 soles.

To say nothing of 120 legs of mutton, and chickens, ducks, pigeons, etc., by the thousand. Such things as eggs, kidneys, sausages, are uncountable, they run into the seventh figure."

DWINDLING IRELAND.

Deaths and Departures Exceed the Natural Increase of Population.

The population of Ireland continues to decrease. The annual report on births, marriages, and deaths, just issued, shows that the number of births in 1903 was 161,831.

Against this must be set the deaths, totalling 77,358, and the loss of population due to emigration, returned as 39,789.

The result is a net decrease of population amounting to 15,316.

The year has been a busy one for little Dan Cupid, for the number of marriages solemnised was 22,992, a greater number than that for any of the ten years preceding.

The report flatly contradicts the famous dictum of the elder Mr. Weller concerning widows. Only 4 per cent. of the women married were widows, whereas the proportion of widowers re-entering the holy bonds was 83 per cent.

The births registered show that more boys were born than girls. The proportion of children born of wedlock was only 23 per cent., a result which compares favourably with the returns for most other countries.

The death returns show an excessive mortality due to tuberculosis. The figures show an increase in the percentage of deaths due to this cause, proving that mortality from tuberculosis disease tends toward increase in Ireland.

Forty-seven deaths due to homicide took place during the year, the only two subjects being a woman.

The number of emigrants is rather under the average of the past ten years. Most of the emigrants were men and women in the prime of life, for 81 per cent. of them were between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. The female emigrants considerably outnumbered the males.

ROBBED THE NATION.

Theft from the National Portrait Gallery Still a Mystery.

The theft of the miniature portrait of Baron Dimsdale from the National Portrait Gallery remains a mystery.

The police can find no clue likely to lead to the capture of the man suspected of this extraordinary theft, and as it will be practically impossible for the thief to dispose of his booty they are puzzled to find a motive for the crime.

"The thief must have used considerable force in wrenching the miniature from the wall," said Mr. Lionel Cust, the director of the Gallery when interviewed yesterday. "Owing to the value of the miniatures in the room it receives special attention from the attendants, and the thief must have carefully watched his opportunity, when the attendant's back was turned, to tear the miniature off the wall."

"It was a matter of a few seconds, and the attendant missed the picture at once. He saw a man in a grey overcoat and wearing a black hat disappear hurriedly out of the gallery, but the man eluded him."

"I think the thief was committed by a person who will steal anything he can lay his hands on, no matter what it is. An ordinary thief would find the miniature of little value, and the risk of detection is so great that the game is not worth the candle."

"WORKS OF ART."

What delighted Purchasers say of the "Daily Mirror" Portrait

MINIATURES.

Since we decided to offer these fashionable little portraits at a price within the reach of everybody we have received hundreds of letters from purchasers in praise of their excellence. The delicate water-colour tints they are finished in give them a highly-polished ivory effect, making them much more realistic than the most perfect photographs. Each Miniature is mounted in a neat rolled gold frame, and is delivered to you in a silk and velvet-lined case.

PENDANTS, 2/11. BROOCHES, 3/3.

When writing don't forget to state definitely whether you require Pendant or Brooch. For Double Pendants, i.e., with photographs on both sides, the cost is only 1s. extra.

CALL AND SEE ONE AT 45, NEW BOND STREET.

HOW TO SEND FOR THE MINIATURES.—Post photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress. The photograph will be returned uninjured. Postal orders to be crossed Coutts and Co., and sent with photographs to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

NOTE.—If you require a double Pendant, that is, one with photographs on both sides, the cost is 1s. extra. Where there are groups no extra charge is made.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1904.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

THE enormous loss of life in the battle which is not over yet has raised the idea that somebody ought to step in now to try and induce Japan and Russia to be friends. There is not the slightest probability of this happening. As a matter of fact, no one can do anything until either Russia or Japan invites intervention, and it is not in the least likely that either will.

It is deplorable that thousands upon thousands of men should have been killed, and that many more thousands should still have death in prospect. But the war must be fought to a definite finish. If a truce were patched up now it would not last long. There would be fighting again soon, and the slaughter would probably be all the greater after an interval than it has been or will be in the present campaign.

When two schoolboys are fighting it is far better to let them fight it out. If they are separated there is bad blood between them still. When one or other has gained a decisive victory they are ready to be friends. This is as true of nations as we know it to be of schoolboys. The only pity is that the settling of nations' quarrels should cause so much suffering and sorrow.

At the same time, recollect the uncertainty of life even in time of peace. It is surely preferable to die in battle than to be run over or to fall a victim to some lingering disease.

For how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

Some of us are inclined to waste over-much sympathy on the victims of war. Perhaps they have the better of us "smug citizens," after all.

ANGER WITHOUT CAUSE.

It is said that in one of the fashionable women's clubs there is a notice up to the effect that "members are requested not to steal the servants." Next season the Surrey County Cricket Club intend, we hear, to have a large placard placed in their pavilion warning other counties against annexing Surrey players. At any rate they seem to have broken off relations with Somerset for the reason that a young Surrey bowler has undertaken to qualify for the western county and to play for it next year. If this is the beginning of the end of cricketers transferring their services from one county to another the cricket season will lose a good deal of its interest.

What does it matter whether a county team really consists of players born in the county? The main thing is to get a good match. County cricket is purely a business nowadays, and it must be run on commercial lines. It would be very bad business from the spectators' point of view to restrict a county from getting as good a team as it can; just as disastrous in the financial sense as it would be if a theatre manager were only allowed to engage actors and actresses born in a certain street.

Surrey's resentment against Somerset is ill-founded. If she feels the loss of Montgomery so much, she should go one better and get him back.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Grandma had an open hearth
Equipped with crane and spit,
And there she turned her banquets out
For kings and princes fit.

Mother had a cookstove big
To satisfy your wish,
And Stella feeds the inner man
Upon a chafing dish.

And so we think, if this keeps up,
A toothsome mess to hatch,
The generation yet to come
Will cook upon a match.

McLandburgh Wilson.



General Kuropatkin told a war correspondent that the Japanese were brave and honourable foes, and added that this war was, in that respect, the pleasantest he had ever been in.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO, the famous Italian criminologist, who has been studying the mental condition of the Countess Linda, one of the chief characters in the sensational Bonapartine trial, first took up this special branch of his work while in Paris, over forty years ago. A noted French criminal died in prison, and Professor Lombroso performed an autopsy in the prison yard. "I instantly perceived," he tells us, "that the criminal must be a survival of the primitive man and the carnivorous animals."

* * *

He once had a most curious experience. He was in a printing office correcting the proofs of one of his scientific books. Suddenly, on reaching a page which dealt with the story of a young man who, impelled by jealousy, had stabbed his fiancée, the chief reader, who was working with him, threw himself on his knees. He was the very man who had committed the crime, and he threatened to kill himself if the story with his name were published. Professor Lombroso tore up the proofs, and for several editions omitted the story.

WORKING-MAN PEER.

"A Son of Toil, and Proud of It."

In describing the late Lord Seafield, husband of Nina, Countess of Seafield, who has just joined the Auxiliary League of the Salvation Army, as a bailiff it appears we used the wrong term. We have received from Lady Seafield the following letter on the subject:

25, Cheyne-court, Chelsea, October 15.

The late Earl was not a bailiff, but he stood in the proud position of being an honest working-man.

When "hard times" came, and summer friends fled, I am proud to say that the excellent son of an ancient race stood his ground like a man.

Making no murmur, he quietly faced poverty, slander, and want, and taking of his dear old shooting-jacket joined the ranks of the sons of toil—pick and shovel, fencing, digging, etc., anything that turned up.

He found his best and his truest friends among those with whom he daily toiled. God bless the working-men. In many cases they are the very salt of our earth.

Lady Seafield also points out that her objection to the crossed-sabers on the Salvation Army badge is their "unwarlike position" with points turned upwards. She does not object to the swords themselves, which symbolise the fight between light and darkness, between salvation and sin.

Sir William Ramsay, the great chemist, who gives the first of a special course of lectures on radio-activity to-day, is without doubt our greatest living scientist, but he has a good many interests outside his special work. If he had not devoted himself to chemistry he might have made a name for himself as a musician, for he plays both the violin and piano, and has written some good songs.

* * *

The collection of curios is another of his hobbies, and he has many queer treasures from all parts of the world. Working as he is accustomed to do with such infinitesimal quantities of material, he has had to devise many mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of his delicate chemical apparatus, and he is now quite a skilled mechanician. He is also an unusually clever glass-worker, and has devised special new methods of glass blowing.

* * *

After to-day's morning performance of "David Garrick" at the New Theatre Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will be seen in London no more until next Easter. Then they will probably produce a new piece by Mr. Hubert Davies, author of "Mrs. Gorring's Necklace," in which Miss Moore made such a hit. In the meantime they will be delighting American audiences with that play, with "David Garrick," and with "Rebelious Susan."

* * *

The first and last of these pieces have not yet been seen in New York. Naturally, the best is hoped for, but, as Miss Moore says, "You never know!" Once she was playing in "Caste" at some small place out West, where it was expected the simple pathos of the drama would have a great effect. Unfortunately it didn't. After the performance the company had to face a crowd of disappointed miners, who shouted, "Call that acting! Why, you wore your ordinary clothes!"

* * *

They say in the Army that General French is so fine an officer because he always "goes to see for himself!" He certainly does. Before he joined a cavalry regiment he had served first in the Navy, and then in the Militia, and while a leader of cavalry in South Africa he never took anything on trust. Of course this means an enormous amount of work, but then he seems to be able to do as much work as three ordinary men. Men who have served under him say that they have never seen him tired. His latest case of "seeing for himself" is to pay a call on the Sultan while passing through Constantinople.

ON A PLEASURE CRUISE.

First Passenger (promenading) to second passenger (leaning disconsolately against the rail): Have you dined?

Second Passenger (dejectedly): On the contrary.

"Harper's Weekly."

Though the Sultan and General French had quite a long interview, the Sultan was probably very nervous. If we may judge from the "Story of My Struggles," by Professor Vambery, which was published yesterday, he goes in perpetual fear of attack. The Sultan for some time treated Professor Vambery as an intimate friend, and they had long, confidential talks. Even then the Sultan showed signs of great fear when the Professor reached out his hand for the sugar-basin.

* * *

"He gave a sudden start," says Professor Vambery, "and drew back on the sofa. The movement suggested that he thought I had intended an attack upon his person. Another time, it was after dinner, I was taking coffee in his company. I noticed that in the ardour of his conversation he was suddenly seized with an attack of shortness of breath. He actually gasped for air. The sight of his oppression was painful, and I could not help thinking what would be my fate if in one of these attacks the Sultan was to choke." Professor Vambery would have probably experienced something lingering, with boiling oil in it.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

Field-Marshal Oyama.

HE was the man of the hour a little over a month ago, when he won the battle of Liao-ying. Now he is the man of the hour again, for he has won a still greater and more important fight.

And his success has been the more gallant to Russia, because they expected just the opposite from him. They thought that he would be sure to quarrel with Kuroki, and that there would be the same friction at the Japanese headquarters that there was between Kuropatkin and Alexieff at the Russo-Japanese War.

But Field-Marshal Oyama is not that sort of man, and Kuroki is his greatest admirer.

Everyone else, from the Mikado himself to the last-jointed private and the most peaceful civilian, worships him and trusts him. He seems to beget confidence as a matter of course.

It is not his appearance which gives him his power, for he looks as unlovable as one could well imagine; neither does he look a soldier. He is ugly, he is fat, he is clumsy, but he is kindness and good humour personified. Even animals know the kindness of his nature, and make friends with him on sight.

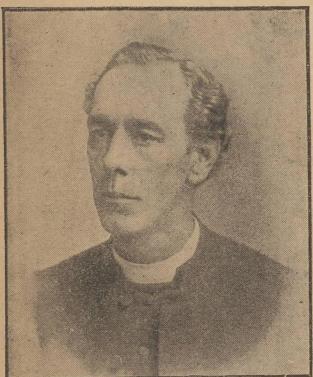
In Japan he is described as the ugliest, the cleverest, and the most European man in the whole nation. His wife is still more advanced, but she is one of the most beautiful of Japanese women.

His early military training took place in France, and he saw the Franco-Prussian war, but he has seen fighting at home, and has studied the military methods of almost every country in Europe. The success with which he did so is patent

LATEST WAR PHOTO

THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.



Dr. Armitage Robinson, Dean of Westminster, who delivered a remarkable address to Sunday-school teachers, in which he took exception to a too literal reading of the Bible.

CAMBRIDGE RUGBY CAPTAIN.



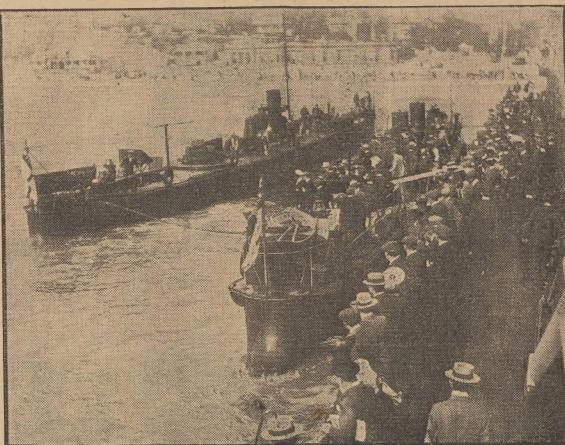
Mr. H. Mainprice, the new captain of Cambridge University Rugby football team. — (Photograph by Stearn, Cambridge.)

BRINGING LONDON UP-TO-DATE.



Within the past few days a number of motor omnibuses have commenced running in London. This is one of the new motor omnibuses on the Baker-street and Waterloo route.

PUBLIC INSPECT TORPEDO-BOATS.



Two torpedo-boats lying alongside the pier at Bournemouth. A large number of people are seen on board having a look over the vessels.

RACING MOTOR-BOAT SUNK.



M. Charley's motor-boat, which was swamped by the wash of a tug in the Seine while taking part in the motor-boat races near Maisons-Laffitte.

3,750 SERMONS.



Rev. Thomas Bates, vicar of St. Mary's, Balham, and Rural Dean of Streatham. He has been incumbent of St. Mary's for twenty-five years, and has preached no fewer than 3,750 sermons.



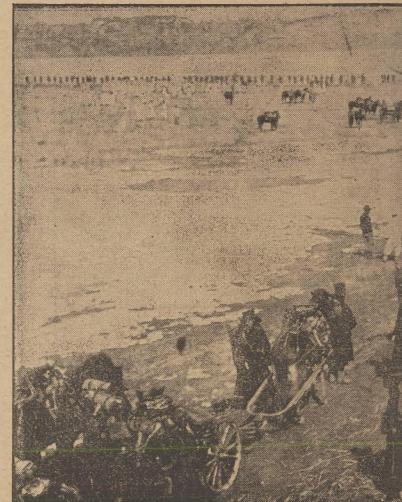
Japanese and Korean coolies landing supplies f

A HALT



A detachment of Japanese troops resting in the snow

WITH THE JAPA



An excellent photograph of a war scene in the Far Ea across a river in Manchur

S FROM THE FRONT.



campaign.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

E SNOW.



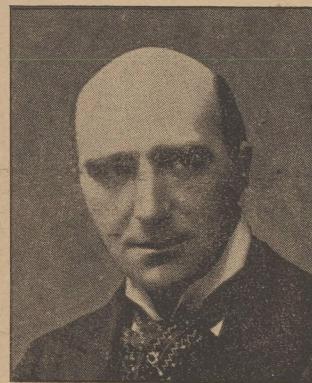
ders to proceed to the field of action.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

IGHT ARTILLERY.

ousands of small Japanese field-guns being transported
ight of "Collier's Weekly."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF TO-DAYS NEWS

"A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE."



Mr. Arthur W. Pinero, author of the much-talked-of play, "A Wife Without a Smile." This is Mr. Pinero's favourite photograph of himself.—(Langher.)



Miss Lettice Fairfax, who plays the part of the woebegone wife in "A Wife Without a Smile," at Wyndham's Theatre.—(Ellis and Walery.)

LAST NIGHT'S PREMIERE.



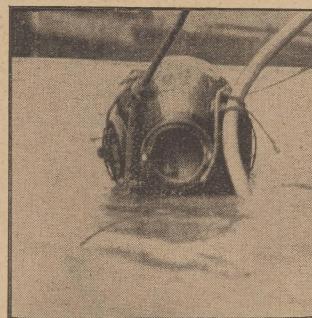
Miss Lillah McCarthy, the leading lady in "The Master of Kingsgilt," by Mrs. Tom Kelly, at the Avenue Theatre, last evening.

SOLVING THE UNEMPLOYED QUESTION.



The Poplar Guardians have established a farm colony at Laindon, where they find employment for a large number of out-of-works. Above you see some of the men in the fields belonging to the colony. They receive no remuneration beyond their board and lodgings.

DIVERS AT WORK ON FOLKESTONE'S NEW HARBOUR.



Owing to the extremely rough weather in the Channel and the approach of the stormy season the work of completing the new harbour at Folkestone is being hurried forward. The first photograph shows a diver descending to commence work. In the second picture he is seen entering the boat again.

GOOD NEWS FOR HUSBANDS

Fashion Now Decrees Simplicity in Dress
and Smaller Dressmakers' Bills.

According to those who are in a position to speak with authority (i.e., the managers of fashion-able shops), the bed-rock of extravagance in regard to women's clothes has at last been reached. There is now a reaction in the direction of economy.

The shortage of money, about which the whole of the West End is complaining, although it is in a measure responsible, is not the sole reason of this sudden craving for cheapness.

There is an even more potent factor in the situation. This is the decree of fashion in favour of simplicity in dress.

"Twenty or thirty years ago the best-dressed, even the richest women, had few gowns. They were all of them very elaborate. It was nothing to pay eight or nine guineas a yard for a velvet dress, and half as much for silk or satin. Gold laces and embroideries trimmed these robes, which were literally worth their weight in gold."

With the advent of delicate and costly fabrics, such as chiffon, tulle, crêpe de Chine, mousseline de soie, and so on, extravagance became greater. A dainty gown of any of these expensive materials must be trimmed with lace worthy of it, and real laces cost many guineas a yard. Gold and silver threads, and cloth of gold and silver, helped to run up the price of a dress, which was so delicate as to preclude all possibility of its being worn more than a few times.

ECONOMY ALL ROUND.

Jewelled lace, in which sparkled real gems, cost something from fifty guineas a yard for a narrow width, while an old lace flounce, heavily encrusted with jewels, was worth at least five or six hundred pounds.

This past season saw extravagance in dress at its zenith. Silk dresses, elaborately trimmed, of the most delicate tints and hues, which soiled almost with a look; hats covered with costly plummage; and of the most expensive and perishable materials; and lace on everything.

Now the reaction has come, and simplicity is all the mode—simplicity of material (i.e., less perishable stuffs) and simplicity of style; no more expensive trimmings, laces, etc. This is why the majority of women are buying cheaper clothes.

In the direction of furs, too, there is a marked tendency towards economy. Instead of buying entirely new sets of furs, women are having their old ones remade, with perhaps the addition of an extra skin or two.

The problem of how to dress well need no longer appeal to women with limited dress allowances. The past period of wild extravagance in dress has taught many lessons, not only to the women who have senselessly lavished money on useless ornament, but to those who furnish the temptation to others. Dressmakers would far rather make cheaper dresses and be paid for them than make very dear ones and have to whistle for their money.

A KING WITHOUT A SMILE.

Melancholy Monarch in Romantic Melodrama
at the Avenue.

"Old King Cole was a Merry old Soul," if we may put any faith in the poems of history. And a similar tradition has always clung to the memory of Charles II.

But the Charles II. in "The Master of Kings-gift," presented last night, was a meddlesome, rather than a merry, monarch.

He interfered abominably in the personal affairs of his subjects, and all without effect. For, in an ineffective and tedious last act, he found himself obliged to let them sort themselves out and marry as they wished.

There is very little of the essential element of story in "The Master of Kings-gift," though there are some fights in it, arranged by Captain Alfred Hutton, which are of interest as long as they last.

Kings-gift was bestow upon the Charltons, with the proviso that, should the dowager re-marry, the King's gift should revert to the King.

Now Lord de Bellington was very anxious to induce the dowager to marry him. He had loved her for years with that steadfast faithfulness of which only melodramatic villains seem to be capable. Also he manages to capture Rupert Charlton, the master of Kings-gift, for they are on different sides in the Civil War.

Rupert's position is thus made pretty uncomfortable, especially since the King is the guardian of his sweetheart and wants to marry her off to some one else. However, he gets out of all his difficulties by eleven o'clock, and allows the curtain to come down with a good conscience.

The best acting in the piece was that of Mr. Frank Cooper, as Lord de Bellington. Miss Lillah McCarthy and Miss Dora Barton were respectively charming as Rosamond Charlton and Katherine Gould. Mr. Edward O'Neill was altogether a sombre and depressed to embody one's conception of Charles II.

Whoever Mrs. Tom Kelly may be (she is the author of the piece), she must give us something better than this if she is making a serious bid for fame and fortune as a dramatist.

KING EDWARD'S FRIEND

Who Had His Hot Water Brought
Him by the Prince of Wales.

"My friend, Professor Vambery."

That was how the King, many years ago, introduced to a roomful of people the famous Oriental scholar who has just published the "Story of My Struggles." It was to make up for the neglect of the professor in his own country—Hungary—that this kind action was performed. But it is not by any means the only story of the kind which Mr. Vambery's volumes tell.

Once when he was at Windsor in Queen Victoria's time, and was asked to write his name in the royal birthday-book, he said to Sir Henry Ponsonby: "I do not know the exact date of my birth, and I should not like to enter a lie in the royal book." "You need not be ashamed of that," said Sir Henry; "her Majesty lays less weight upon the birth of her guests than upon their actions and merits."

Another story relates to a Sandringham visit of the professor's:—

One afternoon, while I was occupied with my correspondence, I received an invitation from the Queen to join her in the garden; as I wished to wash my hands before going down I rang several times for warm water, but no one came.

At length the young Prince George came to my door, and asked me what I wanted. I told him, and he disappeared, returning in a few minutes with a large jug in his hand, which he placed, smiling, on my washstand.

Not at all bed, I thought, for the poor Jewish beggar-student of former years to be waited upon by a prince. I have often laughed at the recollection of this incident, and have since dubbed the future Sovereign of Great Britain "The Royal Jug-beaver."

NEW USE FOR HAIRPINS.

Stupendous Numbers Made and Lost Every Year in England Alone.

A pigeon's nest made entirely of hairpins has just been found on the front of the National Provincial Bank in Piccadilly. Certainly the birds who made it showed themselves not only thrifty in adapting the only material available in that crowded part of London, but ingenious as well.

What becomes of lost hairpins is a question frequently asked, yet never satisfactorily answered. Have other clever birds gathered them up and used them in the same way? On an average every woman in the civilised world loses one hairpin a day. This means in the United Kingdom alone a daily loss of 16,804,347 hairpins, and a total yearly loss of 6,133,587,385.

Zola once said that the thing which most struck him about Englishwomen was the way they shed their hairpins. One day, during a short walk, he collected no fewer than 187.

A hairpin is to a woman what his hunting-knife is to a savage. Life would be an impossibility without it. There is no use to which she cannot adapt it. It can be made a carpentering tool, used in conjunction with a shoe-hel; a paper cutter; a toasting-fork; a skewer; a bodkin; a hair-curler. Red-hot, it will bore holes in wood or tin. It was a woman who first suggested a hairpin as a pipe cleaner.

Hairpins are principally made in Birmingham, where it is estimated the annual consumption of wire is some ten or twelve hundred tons. This may sound a good deal, but then most women buy at least a dozen packets of hairpins every year, which gives a total of about 3,000 million packets a year wanted in this country alone.

HIS ONLY SIN.

To Mr. Broadbent, of Strathfieldsay, Berks, we are indebted for an amusing epitaph in the churchyard there.

It is upon the tomb of a servant who died in 1777, and part of it runs:—

He did no harm; his only sin
Was that he loved a drop of gin;
And when his favourite was not near,
Contented took his horn of beer.
This little village nursed and bred him,
Good Lord Rivers clothed and fed him;
'Twas here he lived, caressed by all,
The favourite of the servants' hall.
Nor should the learned and the wise
Such humble merit e'er despise.
Who knows that John may find a place
Where wit must never show its face?

GET YOUR SKATES READY.

According to Mr. Hugh Clements, the weather prophet, the first three months of 1905 will rejoice the hearts of skaters.

Up to the end of this year there will, he says, be little severe weather, but in January a cold spell will set in. February will be colder still, and up to the middle of March the temperature will remain low.

After that the blessed spring and warm weather again.

SAD LOSS TO ART.

Painter of the Picture of the Year
Dies at the Age of Thirty-six.

At the Royal Academy this year the finest and most striking picture was universally acknowledged to be "Diana of the Uplands," by Mr. Charles Furse, A.R.A. It set the seal upon his reputation as a painter of great gifts, destined to take his place among the famous names of British art.

Now his friends and all who care for good work in painting are mourning his early death, which took place at Camberley, after a short illness from a pulmonary complaint. He was only thirty-six years old.

He had painted many notable pictures before that of his young wife, holding two hours in leash, which attracted everyone's attention only a few months ago. He had done bold, unconventional portraits of Lord Roberts, Lord Charles Beresford, and many other well-known men. He had exhibited much both at the New English Art Club and at the Academy, and always given proof of the originality and intelligence of his mind.

He was notable as well as a very interesting talker, and as one in whose talk there was no trace of conceit or self-satisfaction. He was a keen sportsman, too, and had no difficulty in doing really well everything he put his hand to. His robust, well-built figure seemed the embodiment of strength and health, and it was, therefore, with a very painful shock that his friends heard of his illness and death.

Mr. Furse was a son of the Archdeacon of Westminster, and married, four years ago, a daughter of the late John Addington Symonds, the well-known man of letters. If anything could add to the pathos of her situation and her husband's end it is the fact that she gave birth to a son only on Friday last.

STOLEN PICTURES.

Famous Thefts Recalled by the National
Portrait Gallery's Loss.

The theft of a valuable miniature from the nation's collection of portraits brings to mind some of the famous past achievements of thieves with a taste for art.

A picture is an awkward thing to steal. There is not much time allowed in galleries for the art-loving thief. This was realised by the men who took Gainsborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire."

It was being shown by Messrs. Agnew. The men cut out the canvas, plastered it with brown paper to prevent its cracking, rolled it up, and departed without a soul seeing them.

A picture of Murillo's, in Madrid was treated like the Gainsborough—only worse. The thief fancied a figure of St. Anthony in it, and ripped it out with his pocket knife. He sold it to a New York dealer, who afterwards had him traced, arrested, and punished.

Correggio's "Magdalene Reading," again, suddenly disappeared from the Dresden Gallery. No one was seen with it. Yet you can't walk out of a gallery with a good-sized oil-painting in your waist-coat pocket. It was a complete mystery. Finally, the picture was found, without its valuable frame, in a hay-loft.

A Raphael, stolen in Italy in 1876, was discovered stopping up a window, to keep draughts out of a peasant's cottage!

Valuable pictures have also been stolen from Colonel Eden, who had five portraits taken from the walls of his house in London; and not long ago the Marquis Townshend lost two Reynolds portraits.

HOW BIRDS DRINK AT SEA.

A seaman writing in the "Portland Oregonian" describes how birds drink at sea:—"One day in the tropics there appeared in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud all of a sudden. Then out of the empty space over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and they waited there about ten minutes circling round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill."

"In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles, maybe, to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them going."

SAV "NAPKIN."

"Napkin," says a correspondent of the "Times," is a good old English word which is being displaced by the French "serviette." He pleads for the use of "napkin" by all educated persons, and says "ignorant and foolish waiters and servants will then follow their example."

"He says he has so many business troubles they keep him awake nights."

"Yes; but they don't keep him wideawake during business hours, and that's his principal trouble."—Philadelphia Press.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

Now that Joseph Cutting has been released from the prison to which he had been committed for putting pepper on a horse's knees—a perfectly proper remedy—it would be interesting to know what the Home Office intends to do.

Has he been pardoned or has his sentence merely been shortened? Is he to be compensated? Commerage-road, Queen's Club. JUSTICE.

THE CRAWLING OMNIBUS.

You had a letter the other day on the waste of time by omnibuses hanging about at street corners for passengers.

This morning, coming to the City, my bus stopped as follows:—Elgin-avenue, Maida Vale, two minutes; Sutherland-avenue, 300 yards further on, one and a quarter minutes; Praed-street, forty seconds; Marble Arch, thirty-five seconds; Oxford Circus, one minute. Then I got off and went by Tube.

The waste of time was quite unnecessary. Fordingby-road, Oct. 17. L. V. WALLACE.

NOT IN THE SHOW.

I notice in the *Daily Mirror* the portrait of my dog, Nuthurst Doctor, with the remark below that he will be exhibited at the Crystal Palace this week.

I write to say that he is not entered, and therefore will not be there. As the names of the winners are universally published—and his name will not be, it will look as if he has been beaten. Will you therefore kindly correct this statement?

The reproduction of the photo is very good.

P. WATERLOW

(Mrs. Edgar Waterlow).

64, Compayne-gardens, West Hampstead.

"PLoughMAN'S DROPS."

Our attention has been called to a letter in Saturday's issue of the *Daily Mirror*, regarding a very old cancer cure called "Smith's Ploughman's Drops," and asking whether it can still be obtained.

We beg to say that we have been the London agents for this preparation for very many years, and that we still hold a stock of it.

BARCLAY AND SONS, LTD.

93, Farringdon-street, E.C., October 17.

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

It seems to me a strange thing that science should be strongly advocated in these days and the Bible deprecated even by clergymen.

How is it that men will believe that the earth is millions of years old on the authority of what, after all, is only a theory, and refuse what professes to be a Divine revelation?

How is it that they will believe unquestioningly the theory that the earth is a great whirling globe, and doubt the historical statement of a fish swallowed by a prophet, which Christ, their Lord, confirmed; or the creation and fall of Adam, which Paul and Peter both accepted literally?

It seems to me they are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

JOHN BALFOUR, Sec. Bible Evidence Society.

A RUSSIAN HERO.

How General Keller Gave His Life to
Reproach His Officers.

Many as have been the instances of heroism which the war has evoked, there has been none to compare with that which caused the death of the Russian general, Count Keller.

The story of how he came by his death has only just leaked out in a letter from an officer at the front, which, while revealing General Keller's bravery, casts a gloomy light on his officers.

In an engagement which preceded that in which he lost his life many of his officers had not behaved with that courage which he considered to be due from a Russian soldier. After the fight he summoned them together and rebuked them for their cowardice.

But he was not only a man to blame, and he told them that in the next engagement he would show them how an officer should face his country's foes.

On the eve of the battle he ordered his orderly to bring him a white jacket that he might be as conspicuous as possible, and so dressed he led his men to battle, fearlessly exposing himself to the bullets until he fell.

That is how Russia lost a brave man, and that is how a brave man gave his life that he might set an example of heroism to his men.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Autumn.

Summer is gone on Swallow's wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers;
No more the lark, the linnet, sings,
But Silence sits in faded bower.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of winter ere he comes again—
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whispered round,
As echo in her deep recess
For once had turned a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops at list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

—Tom Hood.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXVIII. The Shaven Priest.

The door of the room hung with green silk opened gently, with the faintest suspicion of a sound, yet this half-audible whisper was sufficient to waken Stephen Lathom from his uneasy slumber. He started up on the bed which now supplemented the furniture of his room, and stared round him with furtive, hunted eyes.

A turbanned head was thrust in, a dark face leered round the aperture for an instant. An Indian in an orange-coloured robe entered, glanced impudently at Stephen, went over to the small brazier which burned brightly in a corner, fiddled with various instruments which lay upon the floor, and after some ten minutes withdrew.

Stephen listened with preternaturally sharpened ears for the sound of the turning of the key, and further for the man's return; but he did not come. This was the torture which had succeeded the actual physical torture, the torture of anticipation, the torture of nerves perpetually on the stretch, tingling and giving out poor fluttering chords beneath the fingers of fear.

Lathom was but a shadow of his former self. His young face had lost its healthy tan; it was grey and drawn. The thick brown hair, with that faint suspicion of a crisp wave in it, was streaked with patches of white. His narrow systems demoralised; he had learned to be afraid, afraid of every one of these silent, dark-skinned men who fitted in and out of his prison a hundred times a day, sometimes bearing instruments whose horrid mission he could but too accurately guess, sometimes merely looking at him with their strange, dark eyes, as though gloating over the thing he had become.

Since the first weeks of agony he had not been again called upon to suffer actual pain. He sometimes wondered why, not realising that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. He did not understand that it was part of the diabolical scheme of the men in whose power he lay that physically he must be brought back to that right perfection of his manhood, taste to the full the delights of restored health, be led from the inferno of suffering into the paradise of physical ease, before they laid violent hands upon him again.

Therefore, so far as his bodily wants went, he was well attended to; his mutilated hands and feet were carefully tended, he had an abundance of meat and drink, together with freedom to turn and twist upon his narrow bed.

Sometimes he asked himself the question, with dull despair and lethargy of brain, why had he been brought there at all? Even had he been guilty of the crime they imagined, surely his sufferings were out of all proportion. Why had they not handed him up to justice? Would not the sight of his death as a malefactor, the public ignominy of his trial and end, have been enough to satiate the appetite of the most bitter?

What was to be the end of it all? Were the heavens as brass above him, would they never respond to the cry of his bursting heart? So much manhood was left him, and so much only, that he had refrained from putting an end to his own existence, though on one night, which seemed to-day as centuries ago, a weapon had lain near him in the room, a key to eternity, whereby he might have shut the door of earth upon his present misery.

He lay down again with a long-drawn sigh, and dozed off into one of the interminable slumbers in which his days and nights seemed passed, to wake up again panting and sweating like a frightened horse. This time the man who entered the room was the shaven-headed, slave-headed man who anointed and banded his hands and feet.

Stephen imagined that he was a priest, a priest of whatever diabolical religion his captors professed. He was not learned in the tenets of any of the Eastern systems of religion, but from such superficial knowledge as he possessed he gathered that this was something totally different, something involving revolting rites, a system of cruelty, a worship of the light, not in its aspect as the giver of joy and health, but in its aspect as the blighter, the destroyer.

The priest, as was his custom, greeted Lathom with a smile. It was a smile which had something sinister, evil, in it; the drawing of the lips from the long line of absolutely perfect teeth reminded Stephen of the snarl of a vicious dog. Yet this man had shown him no cruelty, his very touch had healing in it; but Stephen, under his tender fingers, felt conscious of a great repugnance, realised, in some subtle way, that, to invert a popular phrase, he was kind only to be cruel.

The man examined him, applied a stethoscope to his heart, felt his pulse, noted its mad, intermittent beats, the thrill of the nerves which caused the almost invisible hairs on Stephen's arm to rise at his very touch.

"You make slow progress, my son," he said, "slow progress."

"Am I likely to make progress?" asked Stephen passionately. "Why should I make progress? My desire is to die."

The other, his ministrations ended, drew the

coverlet up over Stephen's body. "You would wish to leave us?" he said gently, as some cowled familiar of the Inquisition might have spoken to his writhing victim.

Stephen looked up at him with bitter eyes.

"Oh," he said, "I am at your mercy now, but some day, some day, my yellow friend, England—England, you understand—will wish to know what became of one of her sons. And then for every grey hair you have planted in my head, and for every thrill of agony you have made me endure, there will be stripes for you, a heavy debt, a big reckoning!"

The priest looked down at him, his face once more wreathed in a smile. To Lathom he seemed one of a type, a type which has never died out in the world, the ideal fanatic priest and persecutor.

"You excuse yourself too much," he said quietly. "No one has more respect for England than I have, effete, demoralised, as she has become, and the vengeance of England would be an unpleasant thing to reckon with; yet the sons of Light need not fear. Is not Mr. Stephen Lathom as one who is not, and Edward Wells, under whose name you sheltered, a man who is derelict, not thought of by anyone?"

Stephen drew a deep breath. This was the answer which each time was vouchsafed to him, the command on his poor, empty threats. "Who can tell what had become of Stephen Lathom?" Was it not in Ferris's own mind to forget him? And Edward Wells—the man whose personality he had assumed—was he? Who cared what had become of him? Perhaps not even the woman he had called Amy, who had wept and moaned when she parted from him at Charing Cross Station.

The priest drew his blue robe closely round him, and, folding his arms, stood looking down at the man on the bed.

"It was a strange coincidence which made Stephen Lathom, the murderer, fleeing before the face of the law, assume the identity of Edward Wells, the thief, flying before the wrathful threatening of his enemies."

For the first time a remembrance of the wording of the mysterious warning he had discovered in the dead man's portmanteau came upon Stephen. Had he, too, been involved in the meshes of these terrible men? His tired brain reeled. He longed, with the intensity of longing, to be floating the sport of the waves, a nameless thing, disfigured from all semblance of humanity—yet dead, and at peace.

"You envy him?" the priest said, divining his thoughts. "You are wrong. You are presented present to merit eternal torture. He signed himself, willingly, and defiled of intent the most sacred dwelling-place of the All-High. You sinned in material ignorance, and by your present pain purchase your future pardon."

A wild hope was born in Stephen's breast. Did this mean that his agonies were to have an end, that some day he was to be free to walk God's earth again, to see the blue arch of the sky above him, to feel the breath of the pure, unfettered wind?

He put some wild questions, made some frenzied appeals. The priest looked at him and laughed. "There is a freedom which comes to us all," he said. "It may come to you."

And Stephen knew that he meant death.

He burst into tears of weakness and cowardice as the blue-robed priest left the room and locked him once more alone in his prison.

He was not left long to his loneliness, loneliness punctuated by revilings against the fate which had proved so hard. Soon three of the green-turbaned servants, commanded by the bearded man, whose very face it was a torture to the demoralised mind of the wretched young man, entered the room.

His hunted eyes sought for some implement of

torture, glanced furtively from them to the brazier, with its yet unburnt array of instruments. Were his days of grace ended? Merciful Heaven, was the torture to begin once more?

He crunched and cringed on the bed, like an ill-treated, half-bred cur, writhing before the whip it fears.

Then he saw that two other servants had entered, bearing a stretcher, draped in gold and white cloth.

No word was spoken by any of the men. Even the bearded torturer spared his wit. There was no sound in the room but the quicke, miserable pant of Stephen's breath.

He set his teeth in his lips, biting them till the blood sprang. Oh, Heaven above him! give him the power to keep from crying out, showing aloud his bleeding lips.

They bound him, not tightly or cruelly, yet firmly, with silken cords, lifted him on the stretcher and drew the white-and-gold striped coverlet lightly over him.

They were lifting and carrying him. Whither? To what? His poor, cowardly teeth chattered against each other, his breath came thickly between his bleeding lips.

On through endless corridors, by many devious ways, till the sound of chanting—solemn, slow, monotonous, broke on his ears.

Torture once more—the pain which made his heart as melting wax within his body, his courage a thing of straw.

The answer came all too soon. The stretcher was set down, the covering withdrawn, he was once more in the place of the Light.

* * * * *

"Mad! Mad! Mad!" Stephen muttered the word in half-delirious accompaniment to the throbbing note, that note which to him was as the music of Satan, for it had accompanied every agony he had endured since that fatal night when, leaving his cousin, Robert Ferris, a heart-broken scapegoat, he had stumbled into the arms of the avenger of Ferris's victim.

The Light had been withdrawn.

His wide-open, aching eyes saw only a dim reflection on the painted ceiling, the reflection of the sanctuary lamps which hung before the curtained partition. What lay behind it? The gift of death? If he had any power he would have prayed that it were so. But he had no power of thought; such vague ideas as flitted through his mind came by no voluntary sequence of his brain, but as stray visitors who left no trace behind. He only knew that he was mad. That that one diabolical note of the hidden instrument reiterated it.

And so he went on, moaning 'aloud the one accompaniment to the one monotonous note.

And he was not far wrong. Slowly, stealthily, madness was creeping on him, stretching out hungry, envious fingers towards him. Madness, not death, that would have been too merciful.

Gradually, with sheer exhaustion, the groans gave into unintelligible murmurings. Great tears of weariness unconsciously forced themselves between his burning eyelids.

Ah! he started violently, roused from the semi-lethargy into which he had fallen. Something had touched his head, his aching, throbbing head; something infinitely cool and soft, a very benediction of sensation. Yet he shied at the feeling, as a frightened, overstrung horse shies at a white paper in the road.

Was this some new diabolical device of the fiends who held him in bondage?

He opened his eyes. Someone was bending over him—a woman. He could not see her face, the light was dim. He saw an indistinct outline, a face framed by dark hair.

This was madness indeed. The first stage of it, the stage which sees visions. His parched lips formed a word, a question, but no sound came from them; a vague, a ridiculous, a mad thought of Hilda flashed through his mind.

As though in answer to his wordless appeal, the woman laid her hand, soft, cool and fragrant, on his lips, with a motion which enjoined silence.

"Poor fellow," she breathed. "I am so sorry for you."

With deft fingers she moved the cloth which she had laid upon his head and sponged his face and brow with a soft cloth plunged in some aromatic vinegar. The touch to his agonised, tingling nerves was painful, the result almost magical. Stephen felt that his reason was returning to him.

He could see now, by the dim outline of the woman, that she was in native dress, something white and clinging; but she wore no covering on her head, and her hair was gathered softly to the back in European fashion, though her features were bare. She was holding him, she meant kindly to him, that her charity was not the fleshish charity of those men and priests who cherished him only that they might the more thoroughly torture him. Although he could not see the expression of her eyes, he divined that it was kind.

There was a sharp cessation of the music; the air thrilled for a moment with the echo of that one maddening note; the woman put her fingers to her lips with a cautious gesture, and without a word disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

How long he lay there Stephen could not have said. He was still in great pain, but immeasurably relieved by the sponging of his face and head which the woman had given him.

No one came near him; he began to understand that he was to be left there for the night, yet how he knew that it was night he could not have said.

Suddenly he was roused to sharp wakefulness by a voice in his ear.

"Poor fellow," it said, "do not be afraid, be brave. There is a friend near you, one who will help you."

(To be continued.)

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Ask for VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE at Chemist and Drug Stores everywhere.

I have pleasure in certifying that in my opinion VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is a safe and effective medicine.

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CAMBRIDGESHIRE CANDIDATES.

Delaunay and Caius—Latest Betting and Scratchings.

WOLVERHAMPTON RACING.

Wolverhampton provided some interesting sport yesterday. That resolute little jockey, Trigg, rode no fewer than three winners, all non-favourites. In the Shifnal Welter the first bout was a dead heat between Santa Barbara filly and Puck, and in the run-off odds were laid on the former, but Trigg got Puck home two lengths in front of Mr. Hare's filly.

Kalmia, much less fancied in the Walsall Welter than Monkeyface, Cascaro, Dame Lucy, or St. Walston, found the chief opposition spring from Monkeyface. Indeed, first favourites had a bad time, the nearest approach to scoring for that division being the success of Cyclades, who was bracketed in the wagering with Decave and Swooper for the Autumn Handicap.

A Successful Trainer.

W. E. Elsey, owner and trainer of Cyclades, has had a remarkably good season—and deserves it. Cyclades, with the stable jockey, G. Bullock, won by half-a-dozen lengths from Sun Bonnet, the latter one of the unluckiest racers in training. T. Cannon, jun., made a hit in training two of the afternoon's winners, viz., Cup of Peril, in the Netherthorn Nursery, and Puck, in the Shifnal Welter. Sandboy was allowed to walk over for the Madeley Plate.

There is a slight reaction against Delaunay for the Cambridgeshire. Backers refuse to take 400 to 100. On the other hand, the offers against Hackler's Pride are cut down to 100 to 14, although Fallon's second string, Golden Saint, is supported at "fourteens." The French candidate, Caius, is firm at 10 to 1. Admirers of this four-year-old are very sanguine that he will be able to give 2lb. to Delaunay. It is said on authority that Caius can give 20lb. to any three-year-old in France—a high estimate, considering that one of them, Presto II, defeated Pretty Polly at a difference of 10lb.

We may soon see more of Presto II, as the colt holds an important engagement this week at the Cambridgeshire meeting. In the Prix de la Foret (a big prize for two-year-olds and upwards) M. Blanc can put in opposition either Jardi, winner of the Middle Park Plate, or Adam, who is reckoned to be the best two-year-old in that powerful stable.

Calus and the Cambridgeshire.

Caius is given the same weight as Union Jack (9st) in the Cambridgeshire, and I notice that the latter's stable-companion, Cerisier, has been struck out. Mr. Purnell Gilpin has scratched Delaunay for his Sandown Park engagements. Wild Oats, again in healthy work, takes a prominent place in the betting, but the anxiety as to that horse's soundness must continue right to the end. But we know, from the extraordinary case of Rock Sand in the Jockey Club stakes, what G. Blackwell can do with horses whose condition would utterly upset other trainers.

There are some big prizes offered at Gatwick today, the richest of the Gatwick Stakes, of 5,000 sovereigns—a race to be decided over a mile and a half. The bettor of Mr. Musker's pair—William Rufus or Henry the First—should win. Wolverhampton furnishes a programme for jumpers, and in the north Newcastle, in that most picturesque of racing rendezvous at Gosforth Park, provides entertainment on the flat.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

GATWICK.

1.45.—Willow Handicap—ASSIOUT.
2.15.—Crawter Nursery—FRAXINUS.
2.50.—Gatwick Stakes—HENRY THE FIRST.
3.20.—Ifield Plate—DOMAIN.
3.50.—Redhill Welter—TICKET O' LEAVE.
4.15.—Horley Handicap—ACHAICUS.

SPECIAL SELECTION. ACHAICUS.

NEWCASTLE.

1.45.—Meldon Handicap—FOREMAN.
2.15.—Tuesday Welter—CROSS ROADS.
2.45.—Gosforth Nursery—SCOTCH MIXTURE.
3.15.—Autumn Handicap—PATRON SAINT.
3.45.—Hazlerig Plate—ELEANORA.
4.15.—Park Plate—WILLIAM'S HILL.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

The Squire's double for Gatwick to-day is as follows:—

2.50.—Gatwick Stakes—HENRY THE FIRST.

4.15.—Horley Handicap—WET PAINT.

RACING RETURNS.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—MONDAY.

2.0.—NETHERTON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE OF 100 SOVS. To be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs. Mr. B. W. Gilby's CUP OF PERIL, by St. Angelo—*Saxy*. Mr. J. S. Shute's THE SHAH, 7st 6lb. Also ran: General Utility (7st 10lb), Scotch Witch (6st), Captain 3rd, Gollop King (7st 1lb), Sir L. Lovel (7st 6lb), Golly (6st 13lb). (Winner trained by T. Cannon, jun.)

Betting—10 to 1 for Fawcett, 10 to 1 for Cup of Peril, 7 to 1 each Catherine B. and Golly, 8 to 1 each Scotch Witch and General Utility, 10 to 1 Galloping Gal, 100 to 8 any other. Won by G. Bullock, 100 to 100, 100 to 8, 100 to 3rd. The winner was sold to Mr. Southall for 60 guineas.

2.30.—SHIFNAL SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE OF 102 SOVS; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. One mile. Mr. G. P. Peasey's PUCK, by Donovan—Lover in Idleness, 7st 10lb. Mr. J. Hare's F. ORME—SANTA BARBARA, 4yrs, 7st 10lb. Also ran: Phulnaha (4yrs, 8st 6lb), Reclamation (4yrs, 7st 10lb), G. E. Elsey's ST. WALTER (7st 10lb), Bullock 3 (7st 10lb), Flambant (5yrs, 7st 10lb). (Winner trained by T. Cannon, jun.)

Betting—2 to 1 each Puck and Santa Barbara, 6lb. to 7 to 2 Phulnaha, 1 to 1 each Davies, B. (7st 10lb), Darach, 6 to 1 each Puck and the Grusha filly, 10 to 1 any other. Dead heat with Rusborne, two lengths away, third. Reclamation (7st 10lb).

Betting—Deciding Heat: 11 to 8 on the Santa Barbara filly, who was beaten by 2lb. to the Grusha filly.

3.0.—WALSALL WELTER HANDICAP PLATE OF 103 SOVS. winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. Rogers's KALMIA, by Ugly—Ada Pauline, 3yrs, 8st 10lb. Mr. Harold Brown's MONKEYFACE, 3yrs, 8st 6lb.

Mr. W. E. Else's ST. WALSTON, 4yrs, 7st 10lb. Anderson 3 (Also ran: Kilbride (3yrs, 8st 9lb), Cascara (3yrs, 8st 6lb), Darach (3yrs, 7st 10lb), Medina (3yrs, 8st 7lb), Danbury (3yrs, 7st 10lb), Kilbride (3yrs, 8st 9lb)).

(Winner trained by Owner.)

Betting—7 to 2 each Cascara and Monkeyface, 4 to 1 each Danbury, 10 to 1 each Kilbride, 100 to 8 any other. Turbulent, 100 to 8 any other. Won by a length and a half; two lengths divided the second and third.

3.30.—AUTUMN HANDICAP PLATE OF 150 SOVS. One

Mr. W. E. Else's CYCLADES, by Cyllene—Vale Royal, 3yrs, 7st 10lb (inc 7st 10lb ex). G. Bullock 1

Mr. F. W. Phillips's SWIFTEST, 4yrs, 8st 6lb. D. Dillon 2

Mr. F. W. Phillips's SUN BONNET, aged, 6st 10lb.

Also ran: Idris (6yrs, 8st 6lb), Little Spirit (3yrs, 7st 4lb), Smara (3yrs, 7st 2lb), Lovely (4yrs, 7st 10lb).

Betting—7 to 2 each Swifter, Cyclades and Cyclades, 6 to 1 each Sun Bonnet. Vite a Ro (4yrs, 8st 6lb), and Lovely, 8 to 1 Small. Won by a length and a half; two lengths divided the second and third.

4.0.—NEWPORT NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE OF 102 SOVS. Six furlongs straight.

Mr. H. J. Hunt's ST. WALTER, 4yrs, 7st 10lb. Cherry Ripe—Well Chartered, 8st 11b (7lb ex). Trigg 1

Mrs. S. B. Joel's EVALUATION, 2st 2lb. W. H. Halsey 1

Mr. J. D. Cohn's ST. WALTER, 4yrs, 7st 10lb.

Also ran: Wee Agnes (7st 12lb), Laetitia (5st 6lb), (7st 10lb), The Chair (4yrs, 7st 8lb), Little Spirit (3yrs, 7st 4lb), Smara (3yrs, 7st 2lb), Lovely (4yrs, 7st 10lb).

Betting—7 to 2 each Sickie, 7 to 2 Evaluation, 5 to 1. Won by three-quarters of a length; half a length between second and third.

4.25.—MADELEY PLATE OF 103 SOVS. One mile and five furlongs.

Mr. W. Hall Walker's SANDBOY, by Ravensbury—Sandblast, 3yrs, 7st 10lb. H. Aylin w.o.

(Winner trained by W. Robinson.)

POINTERS FROM THE BOOK.

GATWICK.

1.45.—Willow Handicap—CABMAN—ASSIOUT.

2.15.—Crawter Nursery—SALFORD—ST. TRUMPETERS.

2.50.—Gatwick Stakes—HENRY THE FIRST—WILLIAM RUFUS.

3.20.—Ifield Plate—SEA LOG—DOMAIN.

3.50.—Redhill Welter—BOYCOT—KILCHERAN.

4.15.—Horley Handicap—WET PAINT—BUR-GUNDY.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES

GATWICK.

1.45.—WILLOW HANDICAP OF 100 SOVS; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. One mile.

Mr. David Palmer's ST. WALTER, 4yrs, 7st 10lb.

Mrs. P. Gibson's CANDELASIA, Kelly 6

Mr. W. C. Seymour's FITSTURT, Barnes 5st 8lb.

Mr. J. M. Kern's LA PARISIENS, Seddon 6

Mr. G. Miller's CABMAN, Pratt 3st 8lb.

Major J. D. Edwards's CHRONOS, Mr. Prat 3st 8lb.

Mr. E. H. Hahn's LOCH LEVEN, Carter 5st 8lb.

Mr. H. Bonas's RONALD, Lottes 3st 8lb.

Mr. J. B. Joel's FRUIT GIRL, Mrs. Carter 3st 8lb.

Mr. J. D. Cohn's ST. WALTER, 4yrs, 7st 10lb.

Mr. T. F. Smith's CHICANE, Owner 6st 12lb.

Mr. W. Manser's PROUD FLESH, Owner 6st 12lb.

Mr. F. Bishop's MEDALIST, Batho 3st 10lb.

Sir S. Scott's SCOTLAND, J. Cannon 3st 7lb.

Mr. A. Love's LUSTIG, G. Morris 3st 7lb.

ABOVE ARRIVED.

2.15.—CRAWTER NURSERY HANDICAP OF 200 SOVS. for two-year-olds. Six furlongs.

Mr. H. H. Collins's c by St. Michael—Sweet Nose, 3st 10lb.

Mr. W. H. Schwind's FRAXINUS, Allen 8st 7lb.

Mr. S. Loates's ARCADE, Owner 6st 12lb.

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Mr. George Faber's QUEST OF THE EARTH, Dalling 9st 10lb.

Mr. D. J. Pullinger's TIGER, J. Wood 9st 10lb.

Mr. H. E. Hahn's WOODCHUCK, Sadler, jun. 6st 10lb.

Mr. J. D. Cohn's MATCHMAKER, Sadler, jun. 6st 10lb.

Mr. J. D. Cohn's SWIFT, Sadler, jun. 6st 10lb.

Mr. A. Harris's NELLIE H., Batho 3st 10lb.

Mr. Sir Vincent's EPICURUS, J. Day 9st 10lb.

Mr. J. Hammond's DAPPLEGREY, R. Day 8st 10lb.

Mr. J. Hammond's WOODCHUCK, Webb 8st 10lb.

Mr. John Kelk's WHISTLEBURN, Jarvis 7st 13lb.

Mr. J. L. Lindner's CAROLE, Leach 7st 13lb.

Mr. J. B. Joel's LITTLE WILLIE, Morton 7st 13lb.

Mr. J. S. Crawford's CHILL, Pitt 7st 10lb.

Mr. J. G. Menzies's ALTHY, Robinson 7st 10lb.

Mr. Jersey's FOESOME, Taylor 7st 10lb.

Mr. B. Basa's HIGH TREASON, Wilson 7st 10lb.

Mr. W. Wend-Fenton's DELAIRE, Robson 7st 10lb.

Mr. C. J. Merry's ST. MATCHMAKER, Little Taylor 7st 10lb.

Mr. S. Peebles's c by ST. GRIS—Silver Ray Braine 7st 10lb.

Mr. H. E. Randall's CAPTAIN POT, Sadler, jun. 7st 10lb.

Mr. David Faber's BONAN, Baker 7st 10lb.

Mr. F. Morris's LADY BRAZA, Sir G. Nugent 6st 10lb.

Mr. H. I. Higham's SOLARIS, Russell 6st 8lb.

Mr. A. Heath's by ST. ANGELO—PATRON 7st 10lb.

Mr. M. Masbro's NO GO, McKeie 6st 6lb.

PAPER SELECTIONS.—Jockey—Wood's selected or Nellie.

J. B. Teller 7st 10lb.

McKie 6st 6lb.

Admiral 7st 10lb.

W. H. Williams's Hill 7st 8lb.

Threeupm 7st 8lb.

T. J. Napper 6st 8lb.

Philipps 6st 8lb.

Parke 7st 10lb.

End 7st 10lb.

St. Norton 7st 10lb.

Watson 7st 10lb.

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"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

A LADY can recommend a trustworthy person as Business Housekeeper; scrupulously clean; good economical cook; "would be" her own maid; housekeeper to reside at 10, L. H. H. Grandville-rd, Green, N. G.

GENERAL; E12; disengaged; 3 years' character; wash, cook, all work.—321, London-rd, Reading.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

COOKS (plain) and Cook-Generals wanted—Domestic Registry, 51, Conduit-st.

HOUSEMaid wanted for three in family; able to wait table.—Apply Mrs. L. Bodger, 115, High-nd, Ilford, Essex.

Miscellaneous.

A GENUINE HOMESTEAD EMPLOYMENT—Tinting small plants, expert & unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20) 17, Ranleigh-avenue, Fulham.

AGENTS wanted: Ky-Kol; 6d, packet saves 4 ton of coal; one agent's profit one week, £10 10s.; you can do the work yourself.—Apply, Ky-Kol, 10, Newgate-st, E.C.

ATF—Persons who could tint a small number of Christmas and post-cards weekly; town or country; good prices.—Address—envelope, A, 6, Great James-st, London, S.W. 1.

MAN (energetic and trustworthy) required, with good references, to represent old-established company, London or provinces.—Address, Z, 1608, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-nd, E.C.

MOTOR INDUSTRY—Smart men desiring situations as drivers and mechanics should obtain the prospectus of The Motor House, where tuition can be obtained. The only school of its kind in Great Britain.—Apply, 2, London, N.W.

RE REQUIRED, for new English Comedy, several tall Ladies, with good voices and figures; also Gentlemen; experience necessary; terms 10s. a week, no premium or booking fees required. For parts 12s., 15s., 20s., stating height, etc., to 1607, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-nd, E.C.

VOCAL Vacancy for young lady, good voice and appearance, solo, trio, &c.; high-class entertainment, now running—Conductor, 62, Queen-st, Baywater.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BORD'S PIANOS—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 142, 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grand, from 28s. monthly; grands, 7s. 6d.; cottages, 7s. 6d., 15s. per month; on 10 years' credit, 7s. 6d. and Co., 7s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., 26, Southwark-ron, London, W.C.

PIANO, handsome iron trichord, 7 octave, all improvements; £9 9s. or 2s. 6d. week; 10 years' warranty, and trial.—Hine, 7, Wiesbaden-nd, Stoke Newington.

PINCENEIGHT grand, nearly new; sacrifice £15.—B. L. Letterman, 2, Dawes-nd, Finsbury.

PIANOFORTE—Lady's semi-concert grand, upright grand drawing-room Piano on massive brass sounding-plate, fitted with grand repeat action; handsome Mahogany case; 10 years' guarantee; new; cost £20 20s.; 20 years' warranty transferred; take £15 10s.; sent on approval for seven clear days; carriage paid both ways if not approved.—Address, 1, 1608, "Daily Mirror."

PIANOS ORGANS—Shenton's great record sale, 1,000 must be cleared at once; great opportunity for provincial and other buyers.—7-oct. iron frame pianofortes from 12s. 6d. monthly; 10 years' warranty; chance of a lifetime! 220, Old-st, City-nd, E.C. 15, Dalton-lane, opp. Junction; 163, Edgware-nd, E.C. 16, 1608, "Daily Mirror," 2, 22, Leyton, E., 202, High North, East Ham, 8, Chamberlayne Wood-nd, Kensal-nd, NW.; Wagner House, 127, E.C. 16.

VALUABLE Violin, marvellous solo tone, labelled Stradivarius, Cremona, 1890; worth £10; sacrifice 18s. 6d.; approval willingly.—Mrs. Tyler, Rockingham-nd, Uxbridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TRIAL order solicited; high-class tailoring on easy payment; made to measure—Woods and Gravelle, 76, Forest, E.C.

ANKLES Weak? Why?—Explanatory booklet free.—Le Peil, Bowes, 1, 1608, "Daily Mirror."

DEAN AND NOURISH LTD.—Gentlemen (Cured Ham) will Send Particulars of Remedy Free.—H. Clifford, 21, Ambley House, 35, Waterlo-nd, London.

ECZEMA—A guaranteed cure after everything else fails; full particulars sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Address F. U. Paciderra, 3, Swallow-st, Brixton, S.W. 1.

FAMILIES Removing—Dell's Pantheon, Orville-nd, Battersea, London. Write for estimate, free.

HAIR Falling Off—Lady who loses nearly all her hair in growth will send particulars to anyone enclosing stamp envelope.—Dr. D. M. Field, Glendower, Shanklin.

HEALTH and Character strengthened are developed.—Scientific treatment for not only disease but physical exercise, education, by qualified lady specialist.—A. L. C. F., 49, Finsbury.

INTEMPERANCE and DRUNKENNESS CURED without hypodermic injections by Oppenheimer Treatment.—Lady Henry Somerest states Dr. Oppenheimer has a remedy which is safe, non-painful, and tasteless, and is to be had.—For full information apply Oppenheimer Institute, Thanet House (opp. Law Courts), Strand, W.C.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return; if price not accepted teeth returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-nd, Hove, Brighton.

POLYPS—The Defect of Sight, Fits, and all Diseases of the Head can be removed by Dr. Michaelis a perfectly harmless remedy—Particulars free of charge from Percy's Laboratory, Riverst, Truro.

SEEDS—Artificially placed.—Author, 1, Cambridge-nd, Battersea-nd, London.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stratford.

SOUTHERNmost private houses; every comfort; one two three four five six seven eight nine ten rooms; now terms only for permanency; cheap quarterly season tickets. Write, 1, 1608, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-nd, London.

TRUE INFELINA is easily and quickly eradicated prevents Gelatina Perles (5d. each) is pleasantly easy to take; quite tasteless box posted free, 18, Romford-nd, London. Medical Capsule Manufacturers, 198, Romford-nd, London.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A.A.—**BAKER'S** complete Outfit, 8s. 6d., carriage paid, approval (letters only)—Miss Morris, 2, St. Ann's-chambers, E.C.

A.T.—**Debtors'** tailoring; suits, 2s.; overcoats, 30s.; a pair free; monthly pattern, 2s.; free; please call—Wittam Tailoring Company, 231, Old-st, E.C.

A.—**BAKER'S** complete Outfit, 10s., postage 6d.—Delta, 1, Bowes-nd, Lewisham.

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